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## Letters

### Catholic France

I read your article "How Catholic Is France?" in the June issue of THE SIGN. I did so with the greatest interest, as I have been living in France for nearly twenty-two years, being a French citizen now although an Austrian by birth.

There is no need to tell you that I agree with all you have to say on the subject, but I believe that with regard to practical Christianity, France is neither better nor worse than most European countries. The rift between the laboring classes and the Church may be deeper here than elsewhere, but this is neither the workers' nor the Church's fault but stems from the split-mindedness of many people, especially among the wealthier classes, between their church-going and their lack of social conscience and responsibility which can only be developed by sincerely adhering to Christ's teaching.

AUGUSTE MOESLINGER

EPINAL, VOSGES, FRANCE

### The Apt Pupil

Your June, 1955, lead editorial "Japan: The Apt Pupil," referring to the legalization of abortion and encouragement of artificial contraception in Japan, is absolutely correct even though a voice crying in the wilderness.

Competent medical authorities report almost 600,000 legal abortions in 1953 and estimated 1,000,000 legal abortions in 1951. And as Shinnosuke Abe, the famous Japanese critic, has pointed out, there are tens of thousands more illegal abortions.

In feudal Japan, so-called excess babies were disposed of by primitive means. After Perry opened Japan, these practices were suppressed and remained so until SCAP introduced modern and scientific ways of disposition of unwanted babies. The rise of abortion and the literal disposition of half of the potential baby crop has resulted in a dramatic fertility drop in Japan and growing moral problems.

Although the bigoted Americans in Japan accuse the Catholics of having overly criticized MacArthur for the work we did in this direction, the grim truth in Japan is that the Communists have repeatedly exhibited the encouragement of abortion as "proof positive" of the "baby-hating, Malthusian, anti-human policies of the Anglo-Saxon master race."

RICHARD L-G DEVERALL

AFL REPRESENTATIVE IN ASIA

TOKYO TO, JAPAN

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After reading the article "Kids: Neurotics or Psychopaths," (July) I decided to write. So much has been said about the juvenile delinquent that people have started to believe that the majority of teens are delinquents.

I am only fifteen. I have, however, done much traveling and as far back as I can remember the delinquent is always in his own group and this is not accepted by the other kids.

If only writers would stop condemning and start showing the good side, things would not be a mountain of trouble. . . .

If less mention were made of the bad and they were dealt with quietly and more made of the good, it would be found that the number of bad not receiving the attention and notice they look for would decline and the good would reach a height.

(Miss) LORETTA LA CHAPELLE  
AUBURN, MASS.

The editorial on page 10 of the July issue of THE SIGN in regard to juvenile delinquency seems to me one of the most logical comments on that topic that I have seen.

Being old enough to have been brought up in an era when children were strictly trained, I can compare it with child training today. In those days there may have been some cases of too much repression, but I do not believe that caused serious delinquency in children; nor do I remember in the community in which I grew up any neurotic or psychopathic adolescents.

As the editorial points out, the real problem is to find a way to prevent agencies outside the school or family from teaching a child to misbehave. There are parents who are indifferent to the dangers their children face, but I believe they are in a minority. It is the movies and comic books which do much of the damage to the morality of adolescents. As to the peddlers of dope who have ruined the lives of so many teenagers, one can only wonder whether they and perhaps the producers of comic books and objectionable movies are inspired only by the greed for money, or whether there is underneath it all a movement to subvert all morality and religion.

We have a divine precept perhaps unknown to the purveyors of products dangerous to both the bodies and the souls of their victims. Did not our Divine Lord Jesus Christ say: "Whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in Me to sin, it were better for him to have a great millstone hung around his neck and to be drowned in the depths of the sea."

MRS. WILLIAM STETSON MERRILL  
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### The Patriot

... Father McDonnell tells us in his article, "God and the Patriot," "We are bound by civil laws to defend our country." This is true, but he continues and says, "The law of God also binds us to defend our country." This the average Catholic does, although, according to St.

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Thomas the law only applies if it is a just war.

Now let us ask ourselves how can any of these modern wars possibly fit the conditions of a just war. To most Catholics all wars are just. See how in World War I, the German and Italian Catholics hated and killed their American and English brothers and we, acting in a like manner, killed our German brethren in Christ. In World War II this same horrible scene was repeated when most Catholics obeyed their respective States and in hatred and fear killed those whom Christ insists they love. Since we have obeyed Caesar and not Christ, we still live in a world filled with hate and fear, in a world which still vainly cries for peace. We are called to Christian warfare but we continue to indulge in carnal warfare.

If the State would order us to kill ourselves we would refuse to obey, either out of love for the law of God or because of love of our own skin. However, if the State tells us to kill our innocent brother living in another land, we generally do so, forgetting entirely, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and that "Love does no evil to a neighbor."

It seems we are always ready to meet evil with evil. To do evil rather than suffer evil. Charity (Love)—it seems to have grown so cold in our modern world. Why can we not return cruelty with mercy and hate with love as the Divine Master tells us? Why can we not say with St. Peter that we will obey God rather than man?

CHARLES P. SMITH

BETHLEHEM, PA.

## Escapees

I read "Escapees: America's Shame," authored by Hannibal Towle (May) and enjoyed it very much. But there was one thing I thought was missing, as in other newspaper and magazine articles about the same subject, and that was the omission of any information as to how or where an individual could help some of the escapees. To make my point somewhat clearer, where would one get additional information if he desired to give aid?

R. T. ROHMER

PRICHARD, ALA.

If anyone is interested in helping children, he may write to: Rt. Rev. Emil Komora,  
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If he is interested in helping adults, he may write to: The Catholic Relief Services,  
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## Liturgical Artist

I welcomed the illustrated article on the work of William Schickel, in your June, 1955 issue. . . .

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in our churches that we take such ugliness for granted and as the accepted norm. The apparent strangeness of the work of our contemporary artists is strange only in its positive rejection of these outmoded norms—outmoded because they were never really of any value. The appeal to tradition is often a thin veil of respectability which we use to cover our ingrained prejudices. When we resolve to look at an artist's work with an open and generous mind we find, quite often, that its acceptance becomes an easy matter and we are the richer for it.

For these and many other reasons I was happy to see William Schickel's work given some prominence in the pages of your publication. The more the merrier.

MAURICE LAVANOUX  
SECRETARY  
LITURGICAL ARTS SOCIETY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

In reading the June issue of *THE SIGN* I was deeply impressed by the wonderful work Mr. Schickel is doing as part of the Liturgical Movement to beautify our churches. It seems we need many more active "forerunners" in the progression of this Renaissance to stimulate the support of Catholic congregations who have so long adhered to outdated and inferior art, insufficient in the house of God...

MISS EVELYN F. ZIEGLER

### The First "R"

Re the editorial, "What Do They Read?" (July, 1955 issue):

Let us regard this realistically. The normal, natural reading appetite of young people concerns spot news in sports, social activities, adventure, and kindred topics. There is nothing strange or harmful in that.

My own experience in my youth and that of my contemporaries was the same. *The Brooklyn Tablet* came to our home for years. I had no interest in it because I was not mature enough to appreciate it.

Through the years our tastes have changed. Now I read it and *The Catholic News* and subscribe to *THE SIGN*. I have little or no interest in such organs as *Life*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and the like.

Perhaps you expect too much from people of high school age.

The reading tastes of young people can be guided and influenced and the results will show as they develop mentally and spiritually.

HERBERT S. GELPCKE

BRONX, N. Y.

### Automation

The picture on page 11 of your July issue shows a giant planer which is used in the manufacture of auto engines. The cutlines say: "demonstrates perils of new principle of automation." This machine is not "automation" and we hope that in the future you will be more careful about such things as we are embarrassed when we have to apologize for your errors.

F. E. WILLIAMS

BUCKHANNON, W. VA.

Automation could refer to the recent advances in technical skill whereby machinery

progressively supplants the use of man power. A more refined meaning would be the use of machinery to run machinery. In this latter sense, reader Williams would be correct.

### Angels and Devils

The pronouncement of Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B., in your July issue, that the gender of heaven is distinctly masculine may have its compensations.

Lucifer must have been masculine and all his fellow rebels must have been masculine.

Therefore, the term she-devil is entirely incorrect. Ah me! It's a man's world, heaven is masculine and so, begorra, is Hades!

ALBANY, N. Y.

LORETTA REILLY

### Xavier University

This is to congratulate you and your staff—a bit belatedly—on the fine picture story about Xavier University which appeared in your February, 1955, issue.

The article has attracted nation-wide attention not only among Catholics but also in the Negro community, and it has done much to further recognition and appreciation for the work of the Church on behalf of the Negro.

A special vote of commendation is due to Jacques Lowe for the excellent cover shot, which was picked up by most of the Negro newspapers here in Philadelphia and reprinted not only once but several times in publications like the *Afro-American*.

We need more of this type of public relations if we want to create a bond with our Negro brethren, who often have little enough accurate information about the aims of the Catholic Church. It serves an equally important function also for the Catholic community, where first-hand knowledge about Negro efforts and accomplishments in the fields of learning and culture is hardly any MORE widespread!

May these efforts help us all to hasten the day when we shall all be one family in Christ.

DORLE HANS  
SECRETARY

CATHOLIC INTERRACIAL COUNCIL  
OF PHILADELPHIA

PHILA. PA.

### Total Abstinence

... your March issue carried a column by Katherine Burton which evidenced thinly veiled hostility, not to say contempt, for total abstinence. One would assume that total abstinence is out of line with the highest type of Catholicism. Since no word to the contrary has appeared in your editorial columns since March, it is to be assumed that Katherine Burton was voicing the policy of the magazine. In my boyhood, Father Mathew and similar total abstinence societies received strong backing from the altar. Has the Church changed its ideas?

PHILIP O'KEEFE

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

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## Ultraconservatives

Just a line to assure you of my complete agreement with your editorial on Catholic ultraconservatives. What you said needed to be said long ago. The violent reaction is merely proof that our lay people as a whole are woefully ignorant of the Church's teaching on social questions. I have always admired your uncompromising adherence to solid Catholic principles even when it was not financially expedient to do so. You may lose some die-hard royalists as subscribers, but stand to gain immeasurably in respect and admiration on the part of your conferees and very well-informed laymen.

So I say: more power to you, Father, and may God bless your splendid magazine.

REV. ULRIC J. PROELLER  
 BLUMENFELD, N. DAK.

Since some of your readers disliked your editorials enough to cancel their subscriptions, you will find enclosed my check for three dollars, for which please begin my subscription to THE SIGN, beginning with the July issue.

KENNETH A. CATHY  
 HOUSTON, TEXAS

The unions in this great country came into being and have reached their present proportions because of dire necessity. We can, do, and will justify our position in the Church as well as society. I thank the Lord for giving us in you a man of the Church who has the courage to write editorials of this kind.

My enclosed subscription will take care of one of the cancellations because of your editorial, "The Ultraconservative Catholic."

B. J. DELMORE  
 BROTHERHOOD OF RAILROAD TRAINMEN  
 JAMESTOWN, N. DAKOTA.

I've never been so shocked in my life as I was in reading some of the letters assailing you on your stand on ultraconservatives in our Faith.

The woman who wrote and said she was canceling her subscription and the rest of her kind should hang their heads in shame.

GERALD F. MULLIN  
 WEST PATERSON, N. J.

## Candle Light

In the June issue, the story, "I Like Being a Dominican" was very interesting, but I notice the Sister lighting the candles in the sketch on page 18 is not up on her rubrics.

According to S.R.C. 4198.9 the candles at the Epistle side are lit first beginning with the one nearest the cross. Then those at the Gospel side are lit in the same manner.

Of course I could assume two Sisters are lighting the candles simultaneously and as the picture does not show the complete altar the one Sister is not shown. . . .

JOHN G. FERRON  
 NEW YORK, N. Y.

Reader Ferron is correct. But one can hardly blame the Sister. One can hardly expect the artist to be up on his rubrics. The editors alone are to blame.

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# The Sign

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No. 2

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## Germany and Russia

**O**N April 10, 1922, the representatives of thirty-four nations met at Genoa, Italy, in an effort to straighten out the frightful financial and economic mess in which European countries found themselves after World War I. While this conference was going on, Walter Rathenau, German Minister of Reconstruction, and G. V. Chicherin, Russian Foreign Commissar, were carrying on their own secret negotiations at nearby Rapallo. These secret meetings resulted in the Treaty of Rapallo, a Russo-German agreement which was the first important step in Germany's efforts to overthrow the Treaty of Versailles.

In August, 1939, the Germans and Russians were at it again. The Nazis and Communists sat down together secretly in Moscow and signed the Russo-German Pact, which gave Hitler the green light to begin World War II. Looking now at the photographs of the participants in that event, one gets the feeling that Satan himself must have been leering over the shoulders of the signers.

The Germans were not present at the recent conference at Geneva. Chancellor Adenauer was vacationing nearby and received direct reports on the proceedings. But no German representative sat at the conference table.

But the Germans were there in a very real sense. They had a more potent influence on what took place than any of the representatives present.

German reunification was at the top of the agenda. It might almost as well have been the only item on the agenda. Everything else depended on it. Germany holds the balance of power between the East and the West and both know it. For that reason both consider it an absolute essential that Germany should be in their camp, or at least not in the camp of the other.

The West has made it clear that while it wants German reunification it will not barter the system of alliances under which West Germany is being rearmend in order to secure that goal.

The Russians are just as adamant. Their manners have changed but not their objectives. They are no longer a snarling, growling pack. Now they are a backslapping, smiling, handshaking, hail-fellow-well-met lot. But as Shakespeare said: "One may smile, and smile, and be a villain." They still won't make a concession of any importance, and in the matter of Germany they won't make any concession at all.

The Russians are content to sit back and wait. Chancellor Adenauer, staunch friend of the West, Catholic and anti-Communist, is seventy-nine years old. By the law of averages, he can't last much longer and his successor may be an easier man to deal with. And it is possible that after Adenauer's death the Social Democrats may take over. They would be much more amenable to making a deal with the Russians.

In fact, there is already talk in Bonn about bilateral talks between Western Germany and Soviet Russia. That's exactly what the Reds want. They want to sit down alone and secretly with the Germans and barter with them. They haven't forgotten 1922 at Rapallo nor 1939 at Moscow.

And make no mistake about it, the Reds can make an attractive case. They can ask the Germans what the Washington-Bonn policy of strength has gotten them as far as reunification goes. And they have something to offer. They alone are the obstacle to German reunification, so they alone can remove that obstacle. They alone can give back to Germany the lost territories east of the Oder-Neisse. They can offer to do all this for a price.

**W**HAT the price will be isn't hard to see. Russia wants withdrawal of West Germany from NATO, demilitarization and neutralization of Germany, selection of a "democratic" regime over a united country, a regime which, the Russians hope, would develop into a "people's" government of the type foisted on the Red satellites of East Europe.

In no circumstances should we fall for the Russian-proposed European Security System in place of NATO. NATO was formed as a defense against Soviet Russia. Acceptance of the Russian scheme would be to admit the enemy to the city. The Reds haven't been making much headway and are ready to adopt the principle that if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. A rearmend Germany in NATO is the best guarantee we have that the Reds won't try to get what they want by war.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



## EDITORIALS

## IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

**B**AD citizenship is one of the inevitable lapses to be expected of a human nature sick with original sin. It is no more alarming than the strictly physical lapses which go by such names as sinusitis or bunions. A city council, for instance, grafts on a parking-meter deal. Or a liquor commissioner accepts gratuities from licensees. Or a citizen grouches over this civic sin but won't bother to walk down the street and help vote it out of office.

### Curtain Calls and Bad Citizenship

All this is bad citizenship. But, as we noted, it is no more alarming than a bad cold.

What is alarming, however, is *approval* of bad citizenship. And it is a common experience to see this approval given to citizens who exercise their civil rights in a way that says "to hell with the public" as emphatically as William Henry Vanderbilt ever did.

In cases where nothing is involved but sheer conceit or sheer greediness, such a citizen will take the attitude: The law permits me to do this. I am going to do it. And I don't care what happens to the community as a result.

That blunt civic creed is professed every day by witnesses who refuse to co-operate with investigating committees, by film and stage exhibitors who feature sexy ads, by hawkers of cigarettes presumed to be cancer-proof, and of beer that is supposed to keep you slim. These are only a few samples from a long list.

It doesn't shock us that citizens should take this anti-social position. But it does shock us when the vigilantes of civil liberty, the philosophers of the editorial page, and "name" citizens in education and science applaud the position. And it disgusts us when the applauders expect to be applauded for applauding. For that is like expecting to be applauded for gloating over other—more easily identifiable—civic casualties. Like, for instance, soldiers killed in the line of duty or the destruction caused by a hurricane.

For it is actually applauding damage to the community. It is applauding one citizen's nonco-operation and contempt of his fellow citizens.

This disposition to honor such nonco-operation implies an inversion of the whole order of merit. Like awarding the Congressional Medal to military deserters. Or like being graduated *summa cum laude* for getting the lowest marks.

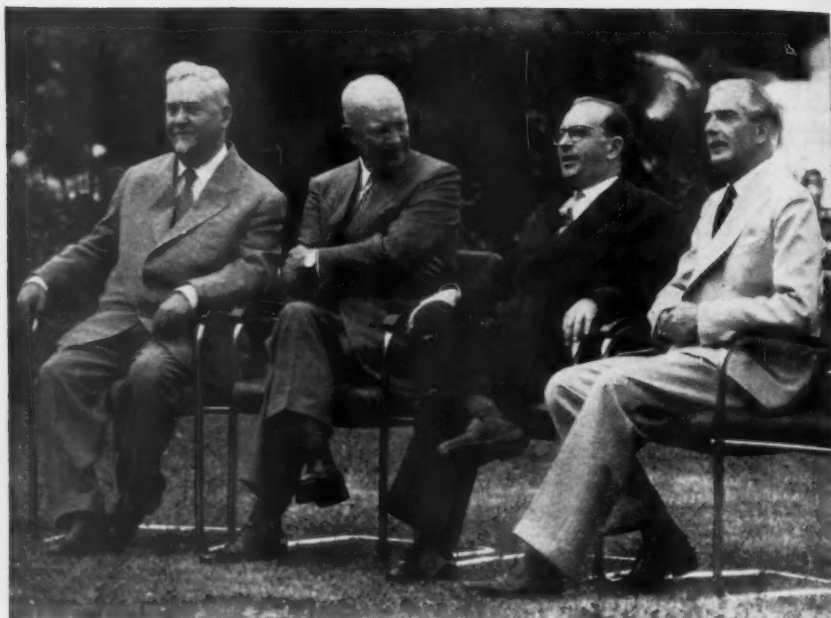
**A**CTUALLY, the estimable citizen is not the one who fights for everything the Constitution allows him. Rather, he is the one who will often forego his rights in the interests of equity or as a contribution to the community. A recent instance of such citizenly service was Winston M. Burdett's testimony before the Eastland Committee. This was service in the distinguished tradition of Chambers, Budenz, and Bentley.

It is such a citizen who should be caressed by public opinion. The papers should editorialize him as something of a hero. Civic organizations should give him a special



Johann Inhoff and child were among the first full boatload of refugees to arrive in U. S. under Refugee Relief Act of 1953. More than half of 1,243 aboard came with the aid of Catholic Relief Services





United Press

Gillson

**IKE AT THE SUMMIT:** The President went to the Big Four meeting in Geneva, olive branch in hand. Visiting a U. S. "atoms for peace" exhibit, he reiterated his hopes for peaceful, not destructive, uses of the atom. It is certain that Ike stole the show; but did he convince the Russians?

**"NEW" BIG FOUR,** left to right, Bulganin of Russia, Ike of U. S., Faure of France, Eden of England, brought new faces to big power talks. Question in the mind of the waiting world is, however, can new men solve the old problem of the cold war? Only time—not talks—will tell

vote of approval. Civil liberties groups should accord him a testimonial as a balanced exponent of those liberties.

Burdett might have clammed up and pulled the Fifth Amendment blanket over the whole affair. And, in doing so, he might have been lionized by the Commie propaganda apparatus and the dreamers who unfailingly respond to its suction. But now, from that quarter, he can expect only black looks and the obscene sounds of revilement.

He is too good a citizen to merit their acclaim. They are approvers of nonco-operative citizenship. Of individualism so rugged that it becomes a bed of spikes on which the community is laid and from which the community is expected to smile patiently and murmur through its teeth, "Hurrah for civil liberties."

**O**RGANIZED labor in the United States has reason to rejoice on Labor Day, 1955. First, perhaps, in importance is the impending merger of the two great federations. This step will give power and prestige to labor in the eyes of the public and government, and even in the international field. It will save enormous amounts of time and energy hitherto wasted in competitive organizing. The resources saved can be used to expand union organization in fields hitherto relatively untouched.

Another reason for joy is the pattern of collective bargaining settlements reached during the current year. Important first steps were taken toward the guaranteed annual wage, a historic milestone in the march of labor. For the first time in centuries several million wage earners will enjoy security of income, regardless of the ups and downs of employment. The long-range effects of this achievement can be only dimly foreseen at present. At least it should

give the worker the stability which makes for home-ownership and settled community life.

Finally, workers here can point to an ever-increasing standard of living. Wages have been raised regularly during the last few years, and sharply this year. Yet the cost of living has remained remarkably constant. The results are substantial gains in what are already the highest income levels in the world.

The gains won by unions have not been at the expense of other groups in the community. Business is enjoying its most prosperous year in history. The steady, high rate of consumer income, mostly wages, in 1954 called a quick halt to the recession of that year. Prophets of doom were buried under an avalanche of spending that soon reversed the downward trend of production. Only farm income has declined in this period of prosperity, but this is related to special conditions of the agricultural market. Farmers would have suffered more had not the rest of the nation been so prosperous.

**W**E would be less than fair to labor in its day of triumph if we did not sound a note of warning. While there are many advantages to labor unity, there are dangers to be watched. One in particular is the difficulty of preserving union democracy under monopoly conditions. Should a union fail to give service to

#### Warning to Labor

its members in any area, they will not be able to switch allegiance to a competing union from another federation. If individual workers are treated unjustly by officers, it may be most difficult for them to secure effective redress.

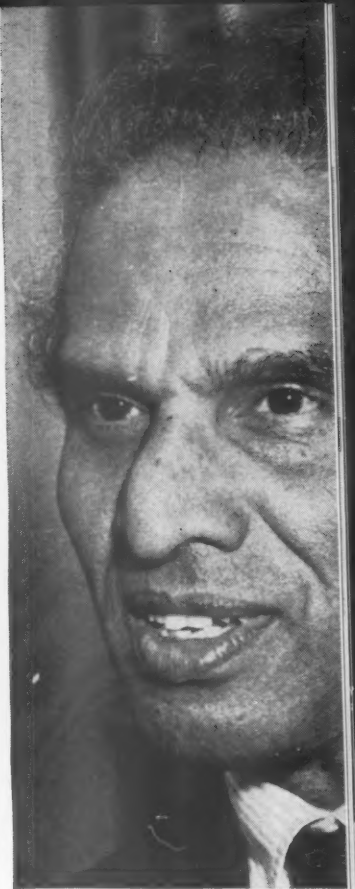
Another cause for concern is the broad impact of struggles for power among labor leaders. If ambitious leaders compete for huge wage increases each year as a means of



United Press Photos

**MOST DRAMATIC MOVE** of the Summit meeting was Ike's suggestion that Reds and U. S. exchange mutual aerial inspection and photography rights. Not unexpectedly, the Reds came out against it. The only aerial pictures of Russia available today were, as above, taken by Germans.

**PRE-GENEVA** visit to White House by India's Krishna Menon was revealed later by Joseph Alsop to have been for the noble purpose of applying a pistol to U. S. back to get us to talk "terms" with Red China over American prisoners. The pistol: threat of war with Red China right after Geneva



bolstering their political prestige, the common good is bound to suffer. When wage gains necessarily lead to price increases in an industry already paying a high wage, then the country faces another round of unjustified inflation.

Labor has won immense power. We earnestly hope that it will always show the responsibility that should accompany power. Our labor movement has taken strong steps against racketeering, particularly in union welfare funds. It is willing to accept outside inspection and even regulation of the millions of dollars involved. Let us hope that it shows equal vigilance in safeguarding all of the democratic rights of its members. We trust its leaders will always remember that they are servants, not masters, of the workers.

**O**N July 4, the Holy Father spoke to the newsmen of Rome. His comment was perceptive, timely, and as applicable to New York and San Francisco as to Rome. While ostensibly addressing himself to "city reporters," he appears to have been actually talking over their heads to their publishers. His message

#### The Pope Talks to Publishers

to them might be condensed thus: Don't dramatize news as if its primary value were entertainment. Report it in such a way that the reader will understand its social implications. Don't cater to the vice of the reader. Cater, rather, to public virtue and the shaping of wholesome public opinion.

Guided by scattered impressions rather than elaborate statistics, we believe that the typical big city in the United States suffers from serious violations of the code thus outlined. There are papers which offer a truly superior brand of political philosophy. Papers which spread on their editorial pages impeccably sane and sensitive ethics. Yet, in their picture coverage and in their selection of news items,

these same papers thrive by incessantly stirring a sediment of low vice in the psychology of their readers.

Their specialty features—the bread-and-butter appeal which gets them circulation—are such things as these: Slightly females with the scantiest burden of drapery. Or fully clothed ones posed to display vistas of thigh. Stories of raided love nests. The juiciest excerpts from testimony at sex trials. Juvenile goons posturing in a police court with a smirk of tolerant contempt, enjoying their day in the sun as big shots.

**I**N one such paper, we recently saw such a picture. A young "punk" of a murderer. He looked as if he thought his first murder had finally won some sort of social Oscar for him and got him a reservation among the immortals. It was a dramatic pic. It caught all the stupid conceit that drives the young

hoodlum to criminal violence in a bid for attention.

But we saw it again about two weeks later. Same kind of murder. Same kind of look. *But a different kid.*

Maybe this second tough didn't get ideas from the first picture. Maybe he didn't see it, even. But then, again, maybe he did. It looked as if he had copied the act, line for line, till he was letter perfect.

But whether he did or not, the publisher in question doesn't care a hoot. Just so his paper is bought by a lot of readers and patronized by a lot of advertisers.

If he puts murder into the head of a potential teen-age gorilla or if he turns the minds of kids hardly out of grammar school to promiscuity and rape, so what?

That is what we mean. The Holy Father was talking to the newsmen of Rome. But he might have said the same thing to those of any big city in the U.S.A.

#### The Call of Crime



*Religious News Service Photos*

Samuel Cardinal Stritch blesses three new members of International Catholic Auxiliaries as they prepare to leave for missions. Zealous laywomen like these are adding new dimension to mission work



Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, C.S.C., Notre Dame president, throws a switch putting new station WNDU-TV on air. Entrance of university into TV highlights possibilities of TV as education medium



*United Press*

Governor Averell Harriman, left, congratulates Judge Harold Stevens, first Negro named to New York State Supreme Court. Judge Stevens is known for his work with the Catholic Interracial Councils

## Views in Brief

**You and Your Car.** With an increase of traffic accidents this year, New York State is studying a revision of its automobile inspection law. Some people may look on state car-inspection laws as simply penal—if they can get around them without getting caught, it's all right. But they are all wrong. The moral law obliges us to take the necessary precautions in protecting the rights of others. In the face of steadily increasing traffic problems and dangers, the moral law would oblige us to keep our car in safe operating condition, just as it would oblige us to follow other traffic laws.

**Discipline.** Dr. Douglas Kelley, professor of criminology at the University of California, suggests that we have been overenthusiastic in refusing to teach control to children and that this refusal may give us a generation of children who have not been taught the discipline they need in order to get along with the world. "I should like to suggest that the foundations of democracy can be achieved even while total freedom of behavior may be curtailed. The ideal would be neither too much nor too little training suppression." Good advice—though the youngsters may not like his suggestion that they need "simple corporal punishment."

**Freedom of Press.** Pius XII recently reminded Catholics that "public authorities are merely exercising their functions as promoters of the public good when—while encouraging a genuine freedom of the press—they curb the excesses of those who use the press, films, radio, and television to violate public morality, propagate dangerous errors, spread slander, libel persons, or arouse passions." A lot of people forget this principle as they listen to the emotionally packed pleas for freedom of the press that gush glibly from those who are making money by abusing that freedom.

**Junior and TV.** Junior is finally getting the hang of that new-fangled medium of communications that broke in on his quiet, sheltered (?) little world ten years ago. According to the latest survey of his TV viewing habits taken by Xavier University in Cincinnati, Junior has become quite selective in his viewing. And one of his biggest complaints is that his parents have been of no help at all in making wise program choices. In fact, Junior rates both *Liberace* and *wrestling*, two notable adult weaknesses, at the top of his TV prescription list. Could it be that Junior is really the one who ought to watch over the family's TV fare?

**Believe in Belief.** "Have faith in faith," says Dr. Norman V. Peale in a recent weekend's syndicated outpouring. "When you fill your mind with faith-thoughts, you learn to develop faith-attitudes. There is no mystery about how to have faith . . ." This, we submit, is carrying Dr. Peale's happy heresies just a bit too far. Faith is mysterious, as are all the workings of God's grace in men's souls. It is as impossible for man to generate it by taking thought as it is for him, by taking thought, to add a cubit to his height.

**God and Mammon, Inc.** As usual, Dr. Peale's clincher is an anecdote about a businessman who made God his "unseen partner" and rose from rags to riches. Well, we know a few ex-businessmen whose faith can be called great, but who've never been a success at much else. Which proves very little except that there is no guaranteed correlation between faith and excess profits, as Dr. Peale brightly maintains: This reminds us of a bit of doggerel by Ed Willock, the lay Catholic apologist and one of the happiest "failures" we've ever met: "Partnerships of many kinds, you'll see in printer's ink. But this one you will never find: God and Mammon, Inc."



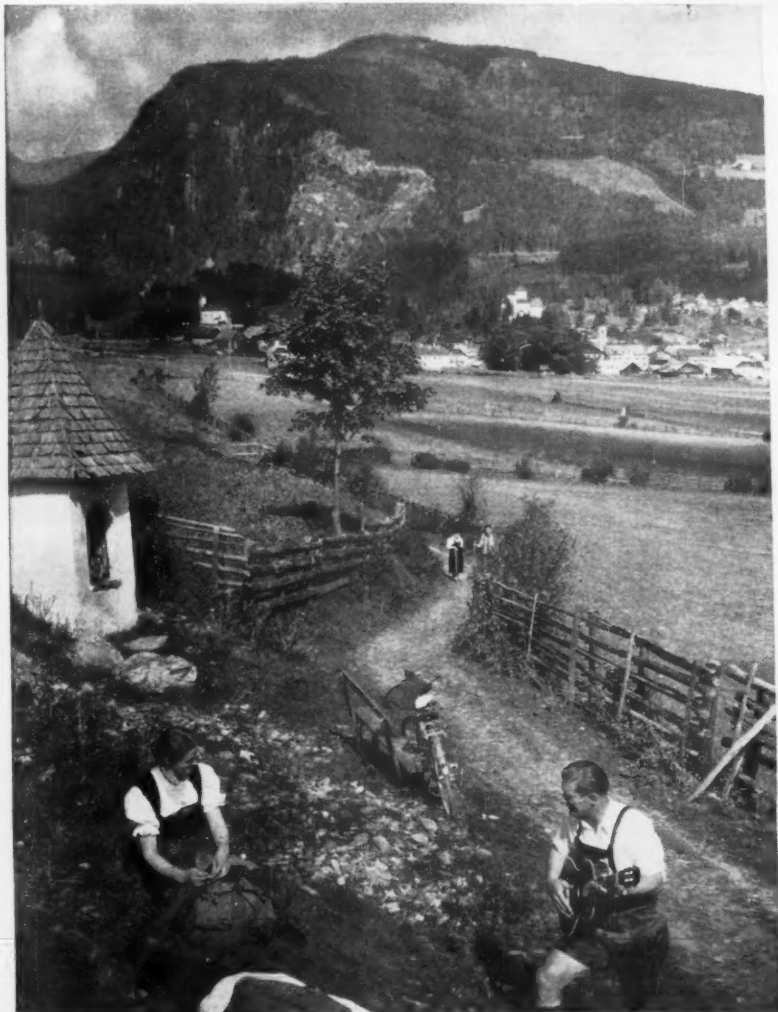
# How Catholic is Austria?

The Church in Austria is living in the past. It is shabby. But Austria has a deep Catholic foundation. And it is stirring with a new and promising life

by FAY BEHAN



Cardinal Innitzer presides at meeting attended by one hundred thousand Catholics



ONE of the most overworked and misleading word combinations in our language is the phrase, "a Catholic country." It is a generic and elastic term that is variously twisted to convey almost any shade of meaning.

Enemies of the Church toss it about derisively, using it generally as an epithet. Most Catholics consider it a title of honor signifying Utopian achievement. Like the term, "a Catholic novel," it eludes categorical definition.

Practically every encyclopedia and geography text lists Austria as a Catholic country. According to currently applied standards the designation is correct, but one must still ask: *How Catholic is Austria?*

According to published statistics, more than 90 per cent of the Austrian population is Catholic. Conversely, the number of practicing Catholics in Austria is given as a mere 25 per cent. The only conclusion that can be drawn therefrom is that 75 per cent of the Austrian people do not practice their religion.

However, statistics are not always a reliable gauge, much less an infallible one, as several prominent and cocksure pollsters have been forced to admit. The religious spirit of a people cannot be assessed by quoting figures.

*The farm and mountain areas are faithfully and strictly Catholic*

The tourist senses Austria's Catholicism immediately as he crosses the border and notes the numerous picturesque and appealing wayside shrines and the crucifix so prominently displayed and reverently garlanded with wild flowers in every country-inn dining room.

Austria is a nation possessing a deep and enduring Catholic foundation and lively relics of a rich Catholic culture. It is a land steeped in Catholic tradition. Catholic monuments and Catholic influences are everywhere about. Austrian folklore is replete with allusions to religion. From the moment of birth, the average Austrian lives constantly in an atmosphere of Catholic practices and symbols and customs. The Austrian greeter does not say, "Good morning," or "Good evening." He invariably salutes you with "Grüß Gott!" which means, "Greetings in the name of God!" Hard as he tried, Hitler was unable to crush out this beautiful Catholic Austrian custom.

No other Catholic country is quite like Austria. In some respects, the Catholic Church in Austria is living in the past and off the past. It is seedy. It is shabby. It is frayed like a long-worn garment, a bit down-at-the heels like someone temporarily in reduced circumstances. It is plagued by indigence, by past blunders and muddling, and crippled by past reverses and existing legal restrictions. Nevertheless, the Church in Austria is far from dormant, and it is definitely not decadent, as in some other so-called Catholic countries. Much of Austrian Catholicism is surface. Yet, that does not mean that Catholicism is not a factor deeply felt in every phase of daily life.

For centuries, under the Hapsburgs,

Catholicism was the official state religion of Austria, a situation that led to grave abuses and scandals on both sides. The Emperor bore the title of "His Apostolic Majesty." Priests were supported and their salaries paid by the government. They were actually government officials. As a result, more often than not, people feared and respected them as government functionaries, like a burgo-master or tax collector, instead of loving and reverencing them as priests. Faint traces of that attitude can be noted here and there in Austria even today and may explain in some measure the mild anticlerical strain running through the Austrian working class. Cardinals and archbishops were automatically temporal princes. All church buildings and institutions were supported and maintained by the monarchy. Some dioceses and religious orders had, as a result, huge property holdings. The influence of the Church in affairs of state and in political matters was more than considerable. Under the monarchy the Catholic Church was powerful, indeed nearly supreme.

All this was abruptly and radically changed by the fall of the House of Hapsburg, and as a result of the revengeful, piecemeal breakup of the Austrian Empire dictated by the Versailles Treaty. Almost overnight a sprawling, proud, prosperous empire of fifty-one million people was reduced to a tiny mountain and meadow republic of seven million inhabitants.

**T**HIS collapse of the existing political, economic, and social structure brought on a turbulent period of adjustment that was marked by unrest and near anarchy, by hunger and unemployment, by wild inflation, by class

strife and even bloodshed. Private armies were recruited, drilled, and marched about. The bitterly anti-religious leaders of the Socialist Party moved into the political vacuum, stirring up ancient resentments and gaining power by extravagant promises to a distressed and beaten people.

In the midst of all this the Church unwisely set out to organize a Catholic political party. It flourished for a few years and then broke into splinter groups. As a result, the Church slid from a position of power and privilege to a near mendicant status. Saddest of all, during these tragic years the Catholic Church in Austria lost the workingman.

A Viennese priest, discussing those days and events, remarked to me, "The Church, as the Church, would never have been resented. It was only because the Church, or those directing the Church, insisted on playing politics." He added ruefully, "If we had only forgotten about being a power, we would be a power".

The nation was just beginning to pull itself together and the Church recovering from its wounds when Hitler invaded Austria. The veiled antagonism of the Austrian Socialist Party toward the Church, the misunderstandings and policy differences were as gentle zephyrs compared to the tornado of Nazi oppression and persecution.

Then came the Second World War followed by the disruption of ten years of occupation, only recently ended by the signing of the Austrian State Treaty.

The Church in Austria is still struggling, impoverished, and undermanned to an alarming degree. A large number of churches and Catholic institutions were destroyed or badly damaged by bombings and shellings during the Sec-



**Chancellor Raab (left):**  
*We dare to call Mary  
the Mother of Austria*



**Former Chancellor  
Figl (right).** *Because of bad  
economics, a resignation*

*United Press photo*



**Over 250,000 refugee families have found freedom in Austria**

and World War. Most seminaries, schools, hospitals, and religious houses were requisitioned by the Nazis. Many of these buildings were later occupied by the victorious Allied armies. When they were returned to their rightful owners they were in a deplorable condition. Some of them have not yet been returned. For example, one of the largest and finest Sisters' schools in Austria is occupied by the U.S. Department of State and the FOA. Built in 1937, the school has not been used by the Sisters since 1939 when they were first evicted.

Hundreds of priests, religious, and seminarians were killed or permanently disabled during the war. Many seminarians simply failed to return to seminaries after the war was over. Several Austrian dioceses went as many as eight years without ordaining a single priest. Even now, the seminaries are far from capacity enrollment. The archdiocese of Vienna alone stands in immediate need of 500 priests.

It is necessary to note and to bear in mind these background facts in any evaluation of Catholicism in Austria today.

The Church no longer has any influence, nor does it attempt to exert any influence, in Austrian politics. The Bishops confine themselves to urging the people to vote according to conscience and for the worthiest candidates. The Peoples Party (*Volkspartei*) is often, though erroneously, referred to as a Catholic party. Like the French MRP and the German CDU, the Austrian Peoples Party is sympathetic toward Catholic social and political teaching, but its membership is by no means confined to Catholics.

Communism has been unable to make

any headway in Austria, despite enormous sums spent on propaganda and despite numerous projects devised to better the lot of the worker. Every year the number of Communist voters in Austria grows less, so that today the influence of the Communist party is practically nil.

**T**HE standard of living in Austria is low, among the lowest in Europe. In most countries, a low living standard and low wages are prime factors in the trend of the worker toward Communism. Not so in Austria. The Austrian may grumble about sub-standard housing, primitive working conditions, and pitifully low wages, but these conditions do not induce him to turn Communist. Much less do they induce him to leave the Church or to fall for the hoary Communist line about the Catholic Church and capitalism.

There is a fairly high degree of indifference and laxity, however, among Austrian Catholics. The proportion of nominal Catholics is considerable. The long years of Nazi thralldom are one of the main causes of this lamentable condition.

A whole generation, not yet middle-aged, was forced to study and absorb Nazi teaching and propaganda. Hundreds of Austrian men and women have seldom set foot in a church or been to the Sacraments since. Most of them attend Mass a few times a year, on major feast days, but they do not make their Easter duty. They are probably bringing up their children as Catholics. They even pay Church taxes regularly and without complaint. They are not renegade Catholics, but they have lapsed into a stagnant indifference. Others have joined the Socialist Party through ex-

pediency—in order to hold a job or obtain a union card.

This type of Catholic is generally found in the few large cities of Austria and in the industrial regions where the influence of the Socialist Party is strongest. In the rural and mountain areas the situation is quite different.

The inhabitants of the farm and mountain areas are proverbially faithful, strict, devout Catholics. They have been so for generations. These people think nothing of walking for more than an hour, or of climbing halfway up or down a mountain, to and from Sunday Mass. They are a distinct breed, these Austrians. Their entire lives revolve about their religion. The rosary is said each evening; a crucifix hangs in every room in the house.

The pastor of a typical parish in the Austrian Alps told me recently that out of 700 souls, more than 500 are regular churchgoers. If one discounts the old and the sick and the very smallest children, that would be just about 100 per cent faithful attendance.

Some weeks ago, an American friend who had spent several days in a typical Austrian village and observed the quiet simplicity of the villagers, their orderly lives, and their fidelity to their religion, asked me, "Could these people defend their faith? Could they answer questions about their religion?"

I replied that they probably could not, but that these good people could see no reason for arguing religion. To them, one is a Catholic or nothing, and that is the end of it.

In Austria there is no Catholic school system such as we have. Religious instruction is compulsory in all public elementary and high schools in Austria, but not in the trade schools. At the com-



*Covering the land: Catholic monuments and Catholic influences*



*In the shrines: a young Austrian worker prays for workers*



# Communist Crazy-Quilt

by ALBERT D. SEARS



BECAUSE Hungarian newlyweds were taking an average of two days off their jobs, the Communist regime announced that this "old bourgeois" romanticism cost 400,000 workdays last year and that from now on a bride and groom would be back on their jobs half an hour after their wedding. Commented a local newspaper: "The young couple welcomed the new regulation with deep gratitude."

The Moscow radio claimed another "first" for Russia. It is said more meteorites—at least 120—have fallen on the Soviet Union than anywhere else on earth.

A Prague newspaper published a poem chiding amateur photographers who persist in photographing their pals and their families rather than preserving for posterity pictures of shopworkers, plants, and new work methods.

"Anyone who doesn't give up his seat in the bus or subway to a woman or his elders," admonished the Moscow radio, "is indulging in a remnant of capitalism."

A Czech newspaper reports that the Gypsies in Soviet-controlled countries have dropped their sad songs and will sing only cheerful tunes now, because "Gypsy music reflects their life and under Communism it's a happy one."

A student at the Fuhtan University in Shanghai was imprisoned by the Communists for 20 days because he quoted Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

Soviet chess leaders are urging the elimination of such "capitalistic" names as "king" and "queen" from the game of chess.

Germany's East Zone Reds have banned cowboy and Indian costumes for the traditional pre-Lenten carnivals as "too capitalistic."

The dogs of Hungary are contributing their share to the country's Five-Year-Plan. Under a government edict all pet dogs must be shaved. Resulting hair from animals coats is purchased by the State and is to be used to line soldiers' overcoats or as wadding for cartridges.

mentement of each school year parents may request that their child or children be exempted. However, very few parents avail themselves of this prerogative.

The content of the religion courses and the quality of the teaching leave much to be desired. Absence of religious instruction in the trade schools presents a serious problem to the Church, because the majority of Austrian youth attend these schools.

About ten per cent of the schools in Austria are *Klosterschulen*, private schools conducted by religious orders. The cost of sending a boy or girl to these schools is beyond the means of

most Austrian wage-earners. The pupils are largely children from the aristocracy or from the professional and intellectual classes.

The intellectuals in Austria are numerous for the size of the country. All of them are Catholics, and good Catholics. The dean of European Catholic journalists is Friedrich Funder, publisher of *Die Furche* (*The Furrow*), a weekly of highest literary content, and universally respected for its opinions and comments on international events. Rudolf Henz, Director of the Austrian State Radio, is a poet and playwright of renown. Fritz Heer, one of the fore-

most historians of Europe, is also the leading layman in the Catholic Action movement in Austria. Clemens Holzmeister, an architect and artist, is known for his paintings on religious subjects.

These and others are, unfortunately, not well-known in the U. S. However, their reputation in Europe is high and their influence on European thought and public opinion is considerable.

The future of Catholicism in Austria looks bright. The Church is beginning to win back the workingman—he never was too far away—and to make dents in the traditional Socialist antireligious shell. It will be a long and difficult task, but under the inspiring leadership of men like Archbishop Franz Jachym, the young and very able Coadjutor to Vienna's aging and beloved Cardinal Innitzer, genuine and encouraging progress is being made.

The "Old Guard" Socialists will always be anti-Catholic and antireligious. Some of the younger leaders of the party are pro-Catholic, perhaps not publicly yet, but certainly personally and individually. They are slowly coming to the realization that religion is a force to be acknowledged and perhaps even assisted, rather than opposed.

CATHOLIC Action is well organized on diocesan and parish levels in Austria. However, the tendency of the so-called intellectual class to monopolize is still strong and must be broken if the movement is to reach and influence the greatest number of persons. Catholic youth groups are flourishing and their membership increasing in numbers and enthusiasm. In youth is life, and hope for the future.

How Catholic is Austria? Without doubt the best answer can be found in the annual May Day proclamation of Chancellor Raab to the Austrian labor unions and workers, issued shortly after his triumphant return from Moscow where he wrested from the Soviets the recent Austrian Treaty that changed the face of Europe and set off a chain of events that still continues to shake the world.

"The celebration of May Day," wrote Chancellor Raab, "is much older than Marxist ideology and consists of much more than class-warfare propaganda. Centuries ago, our forefathers celebrated the '*dies maialis*' as the glorious day on which, after the long and difficult months of winter, the light and the warm sunshine of spring finally shone forth. They celebrated it also as the happy beginning of the month dedicated to Mary, the Mother of God, whom we Austrians dare and rejoice to call '*Magna Mater Austriae*'—Great Mother of Austria."



# FAMILY

## ... AT SEA



SAILING OFF from Santa Catalina in June, the Skrem-B with the Szabo family aboard passes over lovely Avalon Bay

*To the Szabo family of Santa Catalina Island  
fishing is not a sport for thrills, it's a way of life*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH HINOJOS

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND twenty-two miles off the coast of Southern California, is home for the Szabo family—Dad, Mom, and five children—seven months of the year. There they live in a cozy house on the side of a hill overlooking lovely Avalon Bay. But for the other five months, home for the Szabos is a 35-foot fishing boat, the Skrem-B, which takes its name from the first letters of the children's names: Stephen, six, Kenneth, eleven, Richard, eight, Edward, who died at the age of six, Margie, fifteen, and Bill Jr., better known as Boo-Boo, four.

The five months of the fishing season—June through October—are busy ones for the Szabos. Early in the season, the family heads South into Mexican waters; later the fish move north near such ports as Avila, Morro Bay, Monterey, and San Francisco,

and the Szabo family follows. Living at sea barely disrupts the Szabos' quite normal family life. Each member of the family is also part of the crew. Dad, naturally, is captain of the ship; Mom, appropriately enough, is first mate; and Margie, Kenneth, and Richard perform the noble chores of deckhands—scrubbing down the decks, and helping Dad haul in lines and do ordinary repairs. The younger Szabos, Stephen and Bill, go along for the ride. Living the life of a fishing family is hard work, but the Szabos wouldn't think of trading it for the ways of the land-lubber. They may live dangerously, but they also live richly. Working always as a family team, they have come to love deeply the strong sense of unity that comes to a family that works together, prays together, and loves together.



THE SKREM-B, sailing south in the morning sun, lets out its lines for the "morning bite"



KENNETH hauls in a Barracuda. The Szabos also fish for Albacore Tuna, valued by canneries for its delicate, tasty white meat



## FAMILY AT SEA . . A Sign Picture Story

A TYPICAL DAY AT SEA for the Szabos starts early when Dad rises to relieve Mom from her midnight to dawn watch and to let out the fishing lines for the "morning bite." Margie and Kenneth rise soon after to fix breakfast and to help Dad. By ten A.M., the rest of the crew is on deck for scrubbing and other chores. Lunch is served at noon. When the family is at sea during school sessions, early afternoons are used to keep up on lessons. From three to six P.M., the "afternoon bite" is on and Dad and the older children are busy at the lines while Mom acts as pilot. A day's catch varies from a few dozen to a couple of hundred fish. And always a fisherman's prayer is on crew's lips: "Lord, grant that I may catch a fish so big that even I, in telling of it afterward, shall have no need to lie."



SEAGOING SZABOS include five children, left to right, Margie, Kenneth, Richard, Stephen, and Billy. Skrem-B takes its name from first letters of the children's names



BEDDING DOWN for the night, Margie sees to it that Billy is snug in bunk below decks. Life at sea is crowded, but the children love it

FATHER and son make a great fishing team. They've caught several hundred fish in a day

BACK HOME the family, all converts, are devout parishioners



CICELY SZABO keeps watch from midnight to dawn, recites her Rosary to keep awake. Husband relieves her at dawn.



**The big man hated to force someone to risk his life. But only one thing was important to him now—there was a man up there someplace who was going to die**

**"E**VERYTHING O.K.?" It was the man in the front seat, the pilot, talking.

"No heat," said the big man.

"Wait a minute," said the man in the front seat, "I'll see what I can do."

These jets didn't have free air temperature gauges; they weren't installed because the speed of the planes generated so much skin friction they wouldn't be accurate anyhow. He estimated the cold at 40 degrees below zero and he hoped the pilot would be able to get the heater operating.

"You getting any now?"

"No."

"Shall we go back? Hour forty-five is

a long time in this cold."

"Are you getting heat in front?"

"No."

"No, let's go on. I've got lots of clothes on."

There was a second of silence. Then the pilot said "O.K."

Somewhere out there was a man who was going to die. The big man hunched a bit in his seat and thought about death. They were out over the ice pack now and death would come fast to them too if the pulse of the jet quit. It was dark below now and there were no lights any place, just white ice raveled with deep and ancient fissures. Any kind of crash would probably mean death. A

fighter plane is hard to spot in a million miles of aching wilderness.

They were leveling off now at 30,000 feet and above them the moon was racing in the same direction. It was an orange slice of canteloupe and for a second it also almost seemed like a yellow Sabre jet up there, torching through the night with sweptback wings—actually more like a scimitar than a Sabre's wing, but it was pointed almost the same direction as they were and the effect of a plane's wing was real.

The cold was terrible now and the big man tried to put his hands under his armpits for warmth but he had so much clothes on it was difficult to do. He had



# RACE WITH DEATH

by mack costigan

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK KALAN

was unenthusiastic, and the big man in the back seat could hear him start to pound his feet against the floor trying to warm them up.

"Wouldn't it be warmer if we flew lower?" the big man said into the oxygen mask.

"No," said the other one. "Jets eat gas down low. This way we'll have enough juice to make it and still give us a reserve to go to an alternate if something should happen. But I still think we ought to scrub it."

"No," said the big man in the back seat. "Of course, you're the pilot, but I think we'd better give it a good try."

And the big man thought of the man he had replaced in the back seat of this airplane. The man who usually sat there was a professional killer, taught and trained to kill by remote control. He was a blip-killer. All he ever saw of his victim was a small white pippin on the face of a radarscope, but that was enough. They called it "locking in." By radar you just got your blip next to the other blip and fired your rockets and the rest was almost automatic and the man would die. And the big man thought: Science has certainly taken the messiness out of killing. It's very anti-septic now; it isn't hard to kill a blip. Through science, he thought, we're losing imagination. It's hard to imagine that you are going to kill a man when you merely work to get two little, white dots together on a round glass panel like some kind of game that is played with white beans in a little glass box.

"This is great. Great," said the man in the front seat. "My feet are freezing solid." His name was Beecher and he had an adenoidal voice.

The man in the back seat frowned under his white plastic helmet. My own feet aren't freezing yet, he thought. Why should his freeze?

"Keep beating them on the floor," he said into the oxygen mask.

There was only a grunt by way of reply.

He's probably wondering about me,

thought the big man. Wondering why I'm pushing this thing. Well, some of those people just can't understand. With them it doesn't mean anything any more that a man is going to die. The big man started kicking his own feet on the metal floorboard channels that ran back from underneath the rudders. There is nothing, he thought, nothing colder than cold aluminum.

He had never been this cold before in his life.

"Judas," said the man in the front seat. "I think this is silly. I think we'd better go back. We can get another plane. We'll only lose an hour, but we'll have heat, anyway."

The big man with the silver hair waited for a minute. He felt his temper rising.

"You're the pilot and you know the regulations better than I do. You're the boss and what you say goes, but at the same time I'm going straight to the C.O. if your feet aren't frozen when we get back there—if we do go back."

HE hated to have it this way. He liked to get along with people, but some things were more important than personal comfort. There was a man up there some place who was going to die. The big man knew what job he had to do.

It was painful even to turn his head and look out at the wingtip. The cigar-shaped tip tanks bounced a little at the end of the wings in the thin, skimmed-milk light from the moon. Underneath him and behind him he could feel the strange roar of the jet engine. It was like a giant vacuum cleaner—the great winds of the world whirling through the bowels of this airplane.

He wondered what would happen if they did turn back. The C.O. of the field was a pretty cool guy himself—tricky. Not at all the big man's type of guy. Perhaps he would get in trouble himself over it if he tried to make an issue of turning back. He'd probably get in trouble anyway now. The guy in

tenant," he said, "can you  
me to this man Car-  
right away?"



withdrawn his fingers from the fingers of the gloves and had his fists balled up inside the palms of his gloves with his thumbs inside his fists because his hands were so cold.

"Damn," said the man in the front seat. "Don't you think we had better scrub this one and go on back? We could lose some fingers and toes on this mission."

The big man in the back seat waited for a second to reply. The pilot had never impressed him. He was a weak sort, and the big man wished that he could have had Captain Hogan for the trip tonight. As vital as this mission was, Hogan would never have turned back. "No," he said, "I think we had better go on. It'll only be an hour thirty or so now, won't it?" he said.

"Yeah," said the other one, but he

the front seat hated his guts, he knew. They were both majors, so rank wouldn't help iron anything out. Well, he didn't care. He was only trying to do his duty and all they could do was ship him some place else and wherever that was it would probably be warmer and that would be something.

"This is stupid," said the man in the front seat. "You can write a letter to Twining if you want, but I'm turning around and going back."

THE plane started a turn to the right and the big man in the back seat felt his teeth go on edge. Then he lashed out with his foot and kicked the left rudder hard so that the airplane paused in its turn. He held hard to the rudder and kept pushing on it as he felt the other man pushing against him on the right rudder.

"Look," the big man said. "It'll take us 45 minutes to get back. It'll take an hour and fifteen minutes to get there. You mean you're so chicken that you can't last for an extra half hour?"

"Don't call me chicken," the other one said. "Get your foot off the rudder; I'm flying this airplane. Remember you're nonrated."

Nonrated, thought the big man. I've got a rating he'll never have. He didn't take his foot off the rudder. He just pushed harder. The plane was wallowing in the sky now, hunting back and forth.

"I can get you court-martialed for touching the controls on this airplane," the guy in the front seat said.

"Unless your feet are frozen I can get you court-martialed for chickening out," the big man said.

"If you were up here I'd punch you in the nose," said the guy in the front.

"I doubt that," said the man in the back seat. "You're yellow clean through."

"O.K.," said the man in the front seat, "we'll go on up there and we'll land and the first thing when we get out I'm going to beat the kapok out of you and the second thing I'm going to get you court-martialed. And the third thing if I lose a couple of toes or a couple of fingers over this, I'll . . ."

"Just forget it," said the big man, and he took his right hand out of the jacket pocket, unzipped his jacket and reached inside his blouse to see if the little case was there. It was, and it felt warm and good. It calmed his temper just holding onto it. Carrying this with me always, he thought, I could do great things. I could stand any cold, resist any temptation. Maybe. And in defense against the "maybe" that always hung about his neck like an Ancient Mariner's albatross, he lifted his thoughts to transcendent channels for a few moments.

He felt warmer now, both because his temper still beat in a strong surf within the channels of his self-control and because of the physical fight he had been waging against the other on the rudder. He sat there then for a few minutes looking up at the moon. He hadn't imagined air could be so cold. Probably 60 below zero. He couldn't feel pain or anything in his feet and he wondered if they were beginning to freeze. So he stomped them up and down again. The man in the front cockpit was doing the same thing and it made a kind of funny vibration there at 30,000 feet under an arctic moon with the temperature far below zero. He was really too big for the back cockpit of the plane. He could touch the top of the plexiglass canopy by stretching his neck a bit and once when he did it the plexy felt so brittle to his helmet's touch that he thought for a second it might shatter and break. And if it did he and Beecher would probably freeze to death before they could land.

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• A pessimist is a fellow who  
buys two lifetime pens.—*Saturday  
Evening Post*

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Then an odd thing happened. The man in the front seat began to curse, low and bitterly. And then the cursing turned into a vilification of him personally and all that he stood for. He sat there amazed at the virus of hate rolling out of his helmet headset into his ears. He had heard men when they were dying and men when they were drunk and even men when they were doped up, but he had never heard one like this. It was really a terrible thing being out here in space seemingly half way to eternity, his body writhing in cold agony, hearing this low, murderous voice. But he said nothing except that he bowed his head occasionally and bit his lips when the avalanche of hate became almost unbearable. Having his hand next to the case helped more than anything.

Then there was silence and he looked at the clock. If they were doing all right with the winds it wouldn't be too long now, fifteen minutes. Even through the fur of his jacket facepiece the cold was like a knife that cut through the sensitive tissue of his lungs each time he inhaled.

It was then that he got the cramp in his right foot. He felt it coming on slowly and tried to stamp his feet to stop it, but there was nothing he could do. The muscles tried to curl his foot into a circle around the instep. He wanted to strip the shoes and heavy flight boots off and massage the instep

with his hands, but the cockpit was too small. The pain was terrible. In spite of the cold, sweat crawled down onto his eyelashes and froze there. For a second he considered squeezing the seat ejection handle. It would rocket him out into space and he would have to use the parachute. But it almost seemed like a good idea, the cramp was hurting him so. Anything to stop the pain. Then he shook his head. It doesn't take much cold, he thought, to put a man close to the border of insanity.

Then he heard the man in the front cockpit talking.

"Home Plate from Cricket 3, do you read?"

At first the big man in the back seat thought the other had gone crazy from the cold, and it flashed across his mind: How can I get this thing down if he has blown his cork? Then he heard another voice in his headset.

"Cricket 3 from Home Plate. I read you loud and clear, over."

"Home Plate from Cricket 3, 20 miles southeast at two zero, landing instructions please, over."

The big man strained up in his seat trying to see out in front, until his helmet hit the plastic dome. There were lights there. That would be the field. Not much of a field, but the free world depended on these solitary outposts now. There would be warmth there, and coffee, and a dying man.

THEN they were descending. They were whistling over the field. And then the airplane tipped crazily as the pilot put it into a 4G "break" above the field and dropped the landing gear. The big man felt himself gray-out as he was crushed into his seat by the tremendous force of the turn. Then they were whistling onto the final approach. And he saw the landing lights go on in the strip coming up at them. Then they touched on the ice and they were screaming along at a sickening pace and the big man wondered if they would be able to get stopped before they ran out of runway and went crashing off into the boondocks.

Then the plane was slowing down with each application of the brakes and was bouncing like a baby buggy. They rolled up onto the ramp and turned it to a quick stop as the big clamshell plexiglass canopy started to whirl upward, opening at the front like a big glass mouth.

The big man released his safety belt and his shoulder straps as a crew chief clamped the big ladder on the side of the plane. His joints would hardly move, they were so cold.

When he got to the ground the pilot was already there and his teeth were set and in his eyes was concentrated all

of the hatred north of the arctic circle.

The big man with the gray hair and gold-capped teeth looked deep into Beecher's eyes. Then he said one word: "Don't." And he turned to the officer who had the band on his left arm that said "AO"—Airdome officer. "Lieutenant," he said, "can you take me to this man Carhart right away?"

"Sergeant James," the AO turned to a driver. "Take us over to the medics quick."

The big man slid into the carryall. It was warm inside the car and felt wonderful. He put his numbed hands down by the heater. "How is he doing?" he said.

"He can't last much longer," the AO said, climbing in. "What was the trouble between you and the pilot, major?"

"Nothing," said the big man, "we just had an argument over politics, that's all."

CARHART was young and fat and had had three heart attacks in five days.

He was unconscious, but his young face was twisted old with pain when the big man sat down in the chair beside his bed, and nothing the big man could do would serve to pull him awake.

The big man worked carefully, noticing with slight annoyance that Beecher had entered the room. He wanted to turn just long enough to note the expression on Beecher's face. He didn't think he would be able to control himself if he saw a sneer there.

He redoubled his efforts to get the sick man awake. He had to do it. Then he had an idea. He took the little case from his inner pocket and opened it up. And he took the contents of the case out and held it in his right hand, delicately.

Carhart stirred and opened his eyes. He seemed to know exactly what was going on. He smiled, and it was no weak smile. And the deep-etched lines of agony slowly faded from his face.

"Awfully glad to see you, Father." The words came fast. "This is it, isn't it, Father. I mean . . . I've had it, haven't I?" It's funny, the big man thought, people can still feel self-conscious when they are dying. Being caught dying can embarrass them as much as being caught without a shirt on.

The priest said yes, that Carhart didn't have much of a chance. And when he said it, the young man smiled a very fine smile and didn't look at all upset.

Then the big man turned to Beecher, and he was surprised to find that the pilot looked like a boy, a very young, wide-eyed boy.

"Major, would you leave the room. I have to hear this man's confession."



*The priest said yes, that Carhart didn't have much of a chance*

Beecher turned and left, almost humbly, it seemed to the big man.

After he had prepared Carhart, the big man walked out into the waiting room. He was thinking so hard about death and wondering what he would say in the letter to Carhart's folks that he had forgotten about the pilot. It came as a shock to see Beecher still there.

The big man took his jacket off and unbuttoned the two heavy sweaters he had underneath it. He put the jacket down on the table and folded the sweaters on top of it slowly, his back to Beecher. He took out the little case and put it on top of the sweaters. Then he ran both hands through his heavy gray hair and turned back to the pilot.

"Do you still want to knock my block off, son," he said. He was as ready as he would ever be.

The other man looked down.

"Then let's go get some coffee," said the big man.

Over the second cup of coffee the chill began to leave them. The meanness had gone out of the other man, too. He was talking freely now.

"I'm curious, Father," he said. It was the first time he had called the priest Father. "Have you ever seen that happen before . . . I mean, a dying man looking at It . . . the Wafer . . . and then kind of reviving and losing his pain?"

The big man took a sip of the boiling coffee.

Yes he had. He most certainly had. And he knew, too, that Beecher was trapped now. Life would somehow never be the same for anyone who had noticed that.

# IS THE CHURCH REACHING

*"It is only the layman, and not the priest, who can bring the social teachings of the Church into his home, into his union, into his factory, into the political arena. It is only through the layman that these areas can be truly Christianized."—Archbishop O'Brien of Hartford.*



## A SIGN SURVEY ARTICLE

**W**HAT does the workingman really think about God and the Catholic Church? How much does what he thinks affect the moral atmosphere of the factory? What does he think of his job, his employer, his union, and his union leaders?

These were some of the questions that a group of priests in the Archdiocese of Hartford, Conn., encouraged by Archbishop Henry J. O'Brien, set out to answer a few months ago. The answers, they hoped, would reveal to what extent the social teachings of the Church had influenced the thinking of the average Catholic workingman. Is the Church reaching the American worker with its social message of economic justice, co-operation, and peace? Or is it in danger of losing his allegiance as it was lost in Europe?

To discover the answers to some of these questions, the Hartford priests over a period of ten weeks met with groups of selected workers in nine industrial centers of Connecticut: Bristol, Hartford, Manchester, Meriden, Naugatuck Valley, New Britain, New Haven, Torrington, and Waterbury. The program was planned and directed by Monsignor Joseph F. Donnelly, head of the Diocesan Labor Institute and chairman of the Connecticut Board of Mediation and Arbitration, a veteran in the field of labor-management relations. Monsignor Donnelly and his Institute have been in business since 1942, running programs of Catholic labor education.

The workers selected included rank-and-file union members, shop stewards, and business agents. They came from

both the AFL and CIO, from such unions as the Auto Workers, Plumbers, Electrical Workers, Rubber Workers, Steel Workers, Teachers, Garment Workers, Textile Workers, Machinists, Clothing Workers, Railway Clerks, and others.

All of the major industries of central Connecticut were represented and many of the minor ones. The average attendance at each session was ten workers, for an average of ninety for all nine centers. The discussions were small enough individually for everyone to have a chance to express his or her opinion, and large enough over-all to provide a fair sample of what the workingman thinks about moral teaching and industrial life.

Some of the groups were composed only of men, others of both men and women. Virtually all of them were Catholics. Most of the priests attempted to select union members who were above average in intelligence, yet as representative of other workers as possible. After each local meeting, the priest in charge wrote a report of the evening's discussion. On May 10, the priest-directors met in Hartford with Archbishop O'Brien and Monsignor Donnelly to discuss the reports and the conclusions they drew from them.

This writer was fortunate enough to attend that meeting which, together with the written reports, serves as the basis for his article. What follows are excerpts from the reports which highlight, in some instances, the tremendous gap between the mind of the average workingman and the mind of the Church, and in others, the growing consciousness



# THE AMERICAN WORKER?

There may be small chance that the Church in America can lose the worker as he was lost in Europe. But to make sure, the Church is keeping in close touch with working-class thinking. Typical of her efforts is Hartford's Diocesan Labor Institute, directed by Monsignor Joseph Donnelly under Archbishop Henry J. O'Brien. In this special article The Sign presents the results of a recent Institute survey of worker opinion. Here is the answer to the key question: How closely is the mind of the worker attuned to the mind of the Church on the moral crisis of our age?

*"The Church doesn't exist in the atmosphere of the factory. It's an unwritten rule not to discuss it. Most of the workers don't see any connection between religion and their jobs. Judging from the workers' morality and conversation, you couldn't tell the difference between a Catholic and a non-Catholic."—A Hartford factory worker.*

BY JOHN C. CORT

among some workers of the need for applying religious principles in every aspect of their daily lives:

## WHAT DO WORKERS THINK OF RELIGION?

HARTFORD: "The Church doesn't exist in the atmosphere of the factory. It's an unwritten rule not to discuss it. Most of the workers don't see any connection between religion and their jobs. Judging from the workers' morality and conversation you couldn't tell the difference between a Catholic and a non-Catholic."

Waterbury: "The attitude toward religion has improved in recent years, since World War II . . . More Catholics attend church and go to the sacraments . . . The union is the workers' god; the Church is seldom mentioned . . . 'What do the Church and the priests know about social problems?' is a question often heard."

Naugatuck Valley: "The workers surveyed think that they put their religion into daily practice better than do the merchants, grocers, and doctors, and especially those people who have their fingers in contact with the arteries of money, such as bankers, factory-owners, and the wealthy in general . . . They also wished that more priests would visit the factories and get to see first-hand how hard the worker has to labor to earn his daily bread."

New Haven: "Men workers are all right for going to church, but poor when it comes to receiving the sacraments."

Bristol: "Religion is a common topic of conversation, but

something for Sunday . . . The workers think of the Church as more interested in fighting Communism than in promoting social justice for its own sake."

New Britain: "The recent controversy on the 'right-to-work' bills (Author's Note: Archbishop O'Brien made a strong statement to the Connecticut legislature last March in opposition to a proposed 'right-to-work' bill in that state) was the first time that many of the workers realized that the Church would come out publicly to help them . . . The average worker doesn't realize that the Church is interested in him, or why."

## HOW IS THE MORAL ATMOSPHERE OF FACTORIES?

NEW HAVEN: "Working people don't seem to be very deeply influenced by the teaching of the Church. The exceptional worker has a limited influence on those around him, but all too often a low standard of morality prevails in speech and topics of conversation, jokes, etc. . . . Strange to say, many girls known as practicing Catholics are poor examples . . . If those in charge set high standards the workers follow."

Torrington: "The conversations are in some instances at a decidedly low level . . . Associations among employees are generally wholesome, but you will always find factory romances. It makes no difference whether you're married or single. Married women seem to be the worst offenders . . . This problem rarely exists where workers are employed on

an incentive or piecework basis. Their regard for the dollar is a more powerful motivating force."

The priest-director added: "Since the members of my group were all men, they might have been unduly severe on the married women as the root of the evil."

*Waterbury:* "Men resent moral laxity, but haven't the courage to denounce the immoral conditions . . . Men who belong to the retreat movement have tried to clear up the atmosphere."

*Hartford:* "The moral level is lowest where men and women work together, and on the second [night] shift . . . The young, short-term employees and women on the second shift are the worst offenders . . . Nothing is being done on the job by management or labor to improve conditions. Management feels it is not their responsibility except insofar as poor morals interfere with profits . . . No one knew of anything that any labor union has done to improve the moral atmosphere of factories . . . The best results will be obtained when the churches reach the workers more effectively through the parishes."

*Meriden:* "The men present did not feel that moral laxity was a problem at their factories. They felt that the moral qualities found among their fellow workers were better than average."

*Manchester:* "The conduct is good, but the language is bad. Some of the women on the night shift are held in contempt and suspected of getting next to the foremen so that they may be allowed to goldbrick."

*New Britain:* "The workers are good or bad pretty much on an individual basis, as they are in everyday life."

Priest-director's conclusion: "This is a problem that can be solved only by changing the attitude of all the workers on an individual basis, as is done by movements like the Young Christian Workers. Some way must be found to reach the workers, particularly the younger ones, to provide them with the right Christian motives, which now in too many cases they do not have."

#### ARE WAGE LEVELS ADEQUATE?

**CONSENSUS:** The average weekly wage of the workers represented seemed to be between \$65 and \$70. Two groups felt that \$100 a week was necessary "for a normal, decent life for a man with a family." One group felt that about \$82 would do it. The others agreed only that they didn't have enough. "Practically all workers are in debt" was a typical report, but it was agreed that some of this was the result of keeping up with the Joneses on the television, new-car, and new-house front. Non-union workers were in especially bad shape, however, and one priest reported that "a great many men have take-home pay of less than \$50."

#### WHAT DO EMPLOYEES THINK OF THEIR JOBS?

*TORRINGTON:* "Most workers are satisfied with the physical conditions of their jobs and try to do an honest day's work, but there is a good deal of fear felt toward employers, especially among women, and a lack of trust, unless they have something in writing."

*Hartford:* "Automation is having an effect in some of the factories . . . In one factory they laid off 1,200 men and hired 700 women to take their place . . . Basically, the employers look for profit and the employees for security and good wages . . . There is little notion of 'vocation.' It is just a job."

*Meriden:* "Most felt there was a healthy attitude and good feeling in employee-employer relations in this area, except for suspicion in one plant where the union found out that management was using two sets of books to create a false picture in contract negotiations."

*Manchester:* "In several mills there was a great deal of

dissatisfaction until the workers got a strong union. Now there are good conditions and friendly relations between labor and management in these plants."

*New Haven:* "Most are content, but reserve the right to gripe . . . The average worker agrees that he should give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay . . . Regarding honesty, workers who are well paid and well organized, with contracts that provide insurance, pensions, and the like are not likely to jeopardize their future by dishonesty."

*Naugatuck Valley:* "Automation has made workers feel that they are being replaced by machines and treated as no more important than machines."

#### HOW DO EMPLOYEES WORK TOGETHER?

*NAUGATUCK VALLEY:* "There are many gripes along the new conveyor system, speeded up by automation . . . They often have a grievance, complain about it to the shop-steward, and then add: 'But don't mention my name' . . . Favoritism isn't as rank as it was back in 1935 when a worker brought his boss a chicken every now and then, or a bottle of wine, or helped build the boss's garage in his spare time. The unions have eliminated a lot of it, but it still exists."

*Bristol:* "There are the usual gripes based on jealousy over certain jobs, or the amount of overtime given out, or between union and non-union workers. But for the most part there is good cooperation between worker and worker, and between worker and management . . . They do feel that they are not given sufficient consideration, that they are treated more like machines than human beings."

*Torrington:* "The biggest problem in working together is founded on jealousy. The majority of the workers seem to be selfish and mistrust everyone. Some would sell their souls to get a ten cent raise over their fellow workers."

*Hartford:* "The stronger the union contract, usually the fewer the grievances and the less the favoritism . . . Going over the rate (on piecework) or 'killing the job' is considered disloyal to the other workers."

#### ARE UNION MEMBERS ACTIVE UNIONISTS?

**CONSENSUS:** "Very few members are active in their unions. About ten percent or less attend routine meetings, 'except when there is a noted guest speaker such as Walter Reuther,' but fifty percent or more will come out for elections or to vote on a contract or strike sanction. There is a general feeling of 'let-George-do-it.'"

*Waterbury:* "Union leaders often don't know how to conduct a meeting . . . There is little inclination on the members' part to become leaders. Hence racketeers arise . . . The workers seem to have confidence in their leaders and look up to them."

*New Britain:* "In some cases the officers are too domineering . . . Often the unions are just too large for any personal contact . . . As for union literature the workers read the local news passed out at the plant gates, but not that put out by the international."

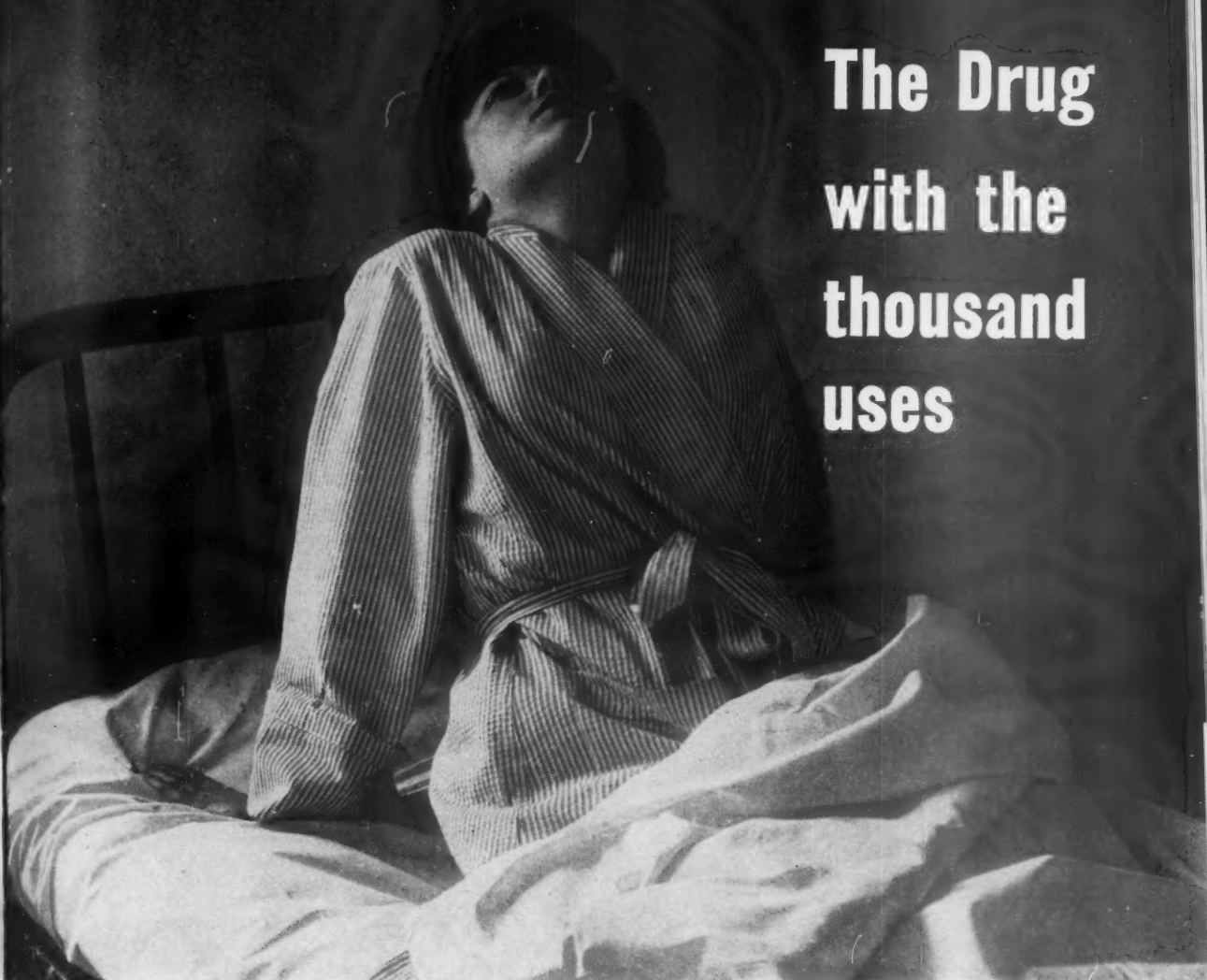
*Torrington:* The priest-director concluded—"I thought that fear of taking a union job because of the employer had gone by the board in the early forties . . . The lack of knowledge on the part of the employees of the function of a union and its officials is appalling . . . The workers are more influenced by the daily papers than by union literature."

#### ARE UNORGANIZED WORKERS A PROBLEM?

**CONSENSUS:** Lack of organization was a problem in most of the areas represented either in the form of free riders

(Continued on page 71)

# The Drug with the thousand uses



*Chlorpromazine's most dramatic characteristic is its power to relieve mental patients*

*Black Star Photo*

**The new wonder drug, chlorpromazine, cures D-T's, hiccups, and the acute hallucinosis of the mentally ill**

**by JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.**

AT a large mental hospital, a disturbed patient continues to be a problem in spite of repeated shock treatments. He has just smashed two window panes and has torn the cover from his mattress. An attendant comes by and gives him an injection of a clear, colorless, waterlike solution. In a few minutes, the patient is calm, relaxed, able to eat his lunch.

At a home for the aged, a seventy-three-year-old woman is in the grip of a severe, agitated depression, unable to rest or sleep. She paces her room incessantly and is wearing herself out physically. An injection of the clear,

colorless liquid allows her to rest, relax, and sleep quietly through the night. Later, tablets of the same medicine dispel the agitation and the patient becomes more tranquil.

At a large general hospital, a patient with uremia, whose kidneys are failing, continues to vomit in spite of all efforts to help him. An injection of the miracle liquid quiets his nausea so that the patient is once again able to eat.

At another hospital, a fifty-seven-year-old man has been hiccuping continuously for nine days after an operation. The patient is completely exhausted, unable to eat, and has to be given

fluid intravenously. Since the situation is so desperate, the doctors in charge inject a few drops of the X-medicine into the patient's veins. Within three minutes, the hiccups stop and do not recur.

What is this X-medicine, this mysterious substance that can calm the terrors of the insane, the depression of the aged, the vomiting of the sick? Can it be true that one medicine can put an end to the wild frenzy of an assaultive alcoholic and, at the same time, quiet the hiccuping of a feeble old man? Can the same medicine that helps a middle-aged woman overcome the emotional disturbances of the menopause also bring comfort and freedom from pain to a man dying from cancer? The answer, in brief, is yes.

Impossible as all this may seem, the fact, nevertheless, remains that it is so. The wonder drug in question goes by



the technical name of *chlorpromazine hydrochloride*, but it is better known by its commercial designation as Thorazine. Today, only three short years after its first discovery in the test-tubes of a French laboratory, chlorpromazine has been used in almost a score of conditions, and the list of uses continues to grow every day.

DOCTORS have reported it is helpful in the nausea and vomiting that occur in some cases of pregnancy. Others have found it helpful in motion sickness. Still others have commented on its mild local anesthetic effect. Today, chlorpromazine is available by injection, in a syrup and in four different tablet strengths, so that dosage may be carefully adjusted to each patient's needs. Patients vary widely in their need for chlorpromazine and, for best results, the doctor must not overdose or underdose.

Credit for the discovery of this, the latest of the wonder drugs, goes to a group of five French scientists, two of whom are women. This group of investigators were working in the Rhône-Poulenc special research laboratory in France. Included in this group were Doctors Simone Courvoisier and Julienne Fournel, experts in the field of antihistamine chemistry and discoverers of some of the antihistamines that are used so widely today.

It was while they were working on the antihistamines that their attention was attracted to this new chemical which they tentatively tagged R.P. 4560 and set aside for additional study and investigation. Other investigators, less observant, might have poured R.P. 5460 down the drain, since early tests showed that it had practically no antihistaminic activity. What did interest the French scientists, however, was the fact that this new medicine made anesthesia seem more deep and, in some experimental animals, seemed to bring on artificial hibernation.

This, itself, was a striking discovery because doctors for years had been looking for a chemical that could bring on hibernation in man as a possible method of making surgery safer or for quieting the distressing pains of cancer. Simone Courvoisier and her associates also made the important observation that R.P. 4560 had an antiemetic action that was similar to the antihistamines but far superior to it. It was the middle of 1952 before their original observations were concluded, and they published their results in careful detail, in almost fifty pages of fact-filled manuscript.

In France and in some other European countries, R.P. 4560 was made available to doctors shortly thereafter, and the French surgeon, H. Laborit,

JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D., an internist practicing in Quincy, Mass., has published over 300 popularly written articles on medical subjects in national magazines.

was one of the first to give it a try. He was so favorably impressed that he called it "a new stabilizer of body functions."

A few months later, at the Peter Bent Brigham hospital in Boston, Dr. Dale G. Friend and Dr. James S. Cummins became particularly interested in R.P. 4560 (now called *chlorpromazine*) because of its unique action in inhibiting vomiting. There is a tiny area at the base of the brain that has control of vomiting and, when this is stimulated by an injection of such a medicine as *apomorphine*, it produces uncontrollable vomiting. Chlorpromazine is so potent in this respect that it blocks the action of apomorphine, one of the strongest of the vomiting-inducing drugs.

At first, Doctors Friend and Cummins "cautiously studied" chlorpromazine in hopelessly ill cancer patients, and they found it capable of suppressing nausea and vomiting in a high percentage of cases. "It was without serious demonstrable effect and gave such good results," they note, "that we decided to see what it would do for the nausea and vomiting of severe uremia."

In severe uremia, when the kidneys are blocked, so many poisons may accumulate in the blood that the vomiting center of the brain is irritated, causing persistent retching and vomiting. In their tests, Doctors Friend and Cummins selected those patients whose vomiting had persisted for days in spite of every effort to control it. At first, patients were given chlorpromazine by injection but, as the vomiting ceased and as patients were able to tolerate medications by mouth, tablet medication was substituted for the injection.

Since chlorpromazine has a sedative effect, it is no wonder that this drug came quickly to the attention of psychiatrists. In many cases, chlorpromazine makes recovery quicker and decreases the need for shock treatment. For example, at the Maclean Hospital in Waverly, Mass., Dr. Willis H. Bower recently reported his results in the use of chlorpromazine in twenty-nine cases, all of whom had serious mental illness. Twelve patients were overactive, or frankly manic, and good or fair results were obtained in nine of them.

At the Verdun Protestant Hospital in Canada, Dr. H. E. Lehmann has used chlorpromazine in 283 mental cases and has found it to be unlike other sedative drugs such as phenobarbital in that it causes only little depression of higher brain functions. In other words, there is no emotional jag with chlorpromazine

such as there might be with alcohol, opiates, or phenobarbital.

Doctor Lehmann believes that chlorpromazine is of "great clinical value" in those cases where the patient is restless, emotionally and physically. Furthermore, good results are obtained even in those patients who became unmanageable during the course of shock therapy or those who have had a lobotomy operation on the brain. In senile patients and chronic behavior problems, no drug is anywhere equal to chlorpromazine.

The French scientists who originally studied chlorpromazine made some interesting observations on the relationship of this medicine to alcohol. Two different effects were observed. First, in small doses, the sedative effect of alcohol is aggravated by chlorpromazine so that patients taking both in small amounts may act as if they just imbibed some "knockout drops." This may be bad for the mild drinker, but for the arm-swinging, staggering, roaring drunk the use of chlorpromazine may be most valuable. In some cases, anything that stops a violent alcoholic binge is a blessing.

As a matter of fact, experience has shown that chlorpromazine may be an invaluable medicine in the treatment of alcoholism. The tremulousness that accompanies the habitual drinker and the feelings of shame and remorse that go along with the hangover are subdued. The retching, vomiting, and "dry heaves" that mark the morning after are suppressed. Psychiatrists in mental hospitals are finding chlorpromazine valuable in their "D-T" cases and in those with acute hallucinosis who are being chased by demons. Chlorpromazine wipes the demons from the disturbed alcoholic's mind, much as if they were erased from a blackboard.

At every age group and in so many different conditions, from digestive disturbances in childhood to the meaningless fumbings of senility, chlorpromazine is a valuable drug. From the relentless pain and vomiting of cancer to the morning sickness of pregnancy, chlorpromazine relieves an almost endless variety of complaints. But what is even more important is this—chlorpromazine is a relatively simple drug and, even now, chemical research is working toward improving the formula. Today, when drugs are available that can bring on insane-like conditions in experimental subjects, is it unreasonable to hope that a drug will soon be available that will be able to block insanity altogether? Will chlorpromazine be just the right lead that the scientists need? A vast amount of research may still be necessary, but this research is already on its way.



# What's So Special About Nurses?

by **ARCHBISHOP CUSHING**  
As Told to **Brussil Fitzgerald**

When he was asked the question, Archbishop Cushing had an enthusiastic answer about what a Catholic nurse really is and does



*Archbishop Cushing blesses the caps of new nurses. "You are partakers of the suffering of Christ"*

**B**ETWEEN ourselves, and off the record, I had to say No to the Archbishop of Boston. In haste then apologizing, trying to explain, I but made matters worse. "Why for nurses especially?" I asked His Excellency, and added ineptly, "What makes them so select?" The Archbishop told me.

A boyhood friend of His Excellency, and what's more to the point the brother of a priest whose labors are dear to him, I had asked to see the Archbishop about a matter of great interest and import—if only to me.

Thus one late afternoon, I was privileged to call at the Archbishop's house. A dark drear day, I remember well, with a cold rain beginning. Driving in from the country, nearing the city, I met its outward bound traffic, fast and fierce and increasing each moment. All Boston on wheels, it seemed to me, hurried and harried, and too close to my fenders.

With the help of St. Christopher and one kind motorman, just beyond Boston College I turned perilously left across traffic and car tracks, and was suddenly safe in the Archbishop's grounds.

Green pastures, I thought, in that sudden calm quiet curving gently uphill to the big still house; the palace of prayer where our chief shepherd wakes that his sheep may sleep safe and lost ones be gathered in strange lands and far. For the windows of this house, so close above one of Boston's main arteries, look out too, and closely, over the curve of the world to jungle trails and unnumbered islands. For prior to his accession to the See of Boston, the Archbishop was director of the Boston office of the Propagation of the Faith for seventeen years. The young seminarian

who longed to be a missionary; the young Father Cushing whose voice never tired preaching for the missions, recruiting for them, supporting them, that others might go where God's will did not send him; the young Father Cushing of the Propagation of the Faith, lives today in the Archbishop's house, in his heart's core.

Arrived early for my appointment, I was left by the Sister to await His Excellency in the austere serenity of a noble room, where by a long conference table the ordered and formal chairs seemed waiting for prelates and lay V.I.P.'s. And for me, no less, I told myself tranquilly; a V. small P. of no fortune nor fame, an itinerant professor and minor writer, dusty with chalk and the ways of the world; footsore alike from the pavements of Grub Street, and the theme-littered paths through groves academic.

TO pass the time, I looked at the reading matter on the table: the Archdiocesan paper, a missal, and one pocket-size magazine. Thinking it one of the popular digests, I chose the magazine, a new one to me, and not for me; *The Catholic Nurse* for March, '55. With anemic interest I opened it and saw on the masthead, "Editor-in-chief, Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing."

In name only, I told myself, and smiling wisely. He couldn't possibly give it his personal attention. Human dynamo or not, he must sleep some time. Then turning the page, found the editor's profile and greetings.

"Dear Catholic Nurses," and as I read on, my skepticism vanished, for there was no mistaking the Archbishop's style: that loving simplicity, informal and casual as the talk of a father to his children at supper; that gradually changed to a high seriousness; became his strong voice from the altar: phrases that marched like an army with banners.

"... You are partakers of the suffering of Christ. We all are. For the Way of the Cross is a fundamental pattern of living. It is for us to recognize this fact that our contradictions and conflicts, our burdens, our sufferings, may bring us close to God. I know you will join the church in her Prayer of the Passion. Be jealous of any moment that separates you from this close and holy union—and Easter will thereby bring you joy. . . ."

Behind me a voice spoke. The Archbishop was here, was saying quietly, "How are you, Bob? I had a letter last week from your brother Ged." And when I had kissed the episcopal ring, "Sit down there and tell me—what's on your mind?"

I told him and got the answer I'd hoped for. When I tried to thank him, with a gesture he stopped me. Glancing

at the little magazine I still held in my hand, "Take that home with you," he said. "It might give you an idea for one of your articles. Something for *THE SIGN* on Catholic nurses. I'll look for it, Bob."

It was then I said No, and explained hastily, "A professor of literature and advanced composition. I know nothing of nurses, their training and problems. Not my cup of tea."

The Archbishop said nothing, with a faint smile, listening or not, I wasn't quite sure.

And a bit embarrassed, defensively I asked, "What's so special about nurses? Surely you'd prefer that I wrote about teachers?"

He looked up at me then, and across the long years his eyes seemed unchanged. The eyes of the B.C. lad we'd called Dick from Southie, the same clear, direct look, fearless and friendly and faintly amused, as he said to me gently, "You're missing the point, Bob. Catholic nurses are teachers."

"You mean school nurses, Excellency? The ones teaching hygiene and that sort of thing?"

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• The world is prison to the believer, paradise to the unbeliever.

—Arabian Proverb

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And I knew at once my words inept. He was not pleased. For his voice when he answered was subtly changed; not annoyed nor impatient, undisturbed as ever; yet unmistakably now the Archbishop's voice. "Not at all. Not at all. You professors in your classroom do but one kind of teaching; Catholic nurses do another, and not less important. They're not lecturers like you, but laboratory instructors in a field no less needed than advanced composition—in the one essential and basic science. For their sick rooms are their laboratories, where they demonstrate daily our Christian religion; they teach by example Christ's way and Mary's. Your subjects, Bob, are important of course, essential skills too. But in your enthusiasm for the spoken and written word, you professors of English should never forget that we cannot win people to the side of Christ merely by arguing with them."

Listening, I watched him, his face in profile, big-boned and strong-jawed; the long upper lip of his people, the compassionate curve—but I cannot describe, nor need I here, the Archbishop's face. An open book where the years have written his way of life. He looks what he is; I must leave it at that.

As if thinking aloud he spoke quietly, musingly. "Argument more often than not generates more heat than light; ex-

position alone is soon forgotten. I might be a teacher, the author of a dozen books—you might read them all, yet know nothing of me as a person, and care less.

"Our faith is not just another creed to which we must give intellectual assent, but something alive in creatures of flesh and blood like you and me. The wonderful thing about our Christian faith is that it gives evidence of not only what Christ taught, but of Himself, the way He lived. Christ not only preached God's Word, but was It. In Him the Word was made Flesh.

"We are living among people, fellow Americans, some of whom know neither Christ nor His Gospel, nor the Pope, nor the bishops, nor the priests of the parish in which they live. They are not so much bigoted as utterly indifferent, isolated by an inherited and invincible ignorance. Walled in by that indifference, they are beyond the reach of Catholic influences, teachers and books. Their doors are closed to the Catholic priest, but not, it frequently happens, to the Catholic nurse.

WHENEVER people are cared for by a Catholic nurse, she and she alone will have the privilege of introducing them, as it were, to Christ. She will be the occasion of their learning something at least about Catholicism. The Catholic nurse caring for them must be prepared to show them Jesus Christ, because she herself is all they can see of Him and His church.

"The Abbé Perreye used to pray, 'Jesus, when they see me may they recognize Thee.' Every hour, every second of the day and night, in sick room and hospital ward, to a Catholic nurse that prayer is granted. And her hand in that moment with thermometer or washcloth is the hand of her Saviour, the fingers of God."

The Archbishop fell silent, a rapt look and intent, as if listening, aware of something I was not. For so many years, in so many classes, I had told my students, "I knew him when—" Had I ever known him? Now I found myself wondering. Had he been always, even while one of us, the president of our sophomore class, somehow, somewhere withdrawn? Even as now, while he looked at me smiling, somewhere in stillness, alone with his God. While he said:

"Francis Thompson, remember—but of course you do—dared to call Christ Himself the Hound of Heaven. A good name that for Catholic nurses, the Divine Shepherd's sheep dogs, ranging far, heading back to His fold the lost sheep and strayed. How many lapsed Catholics owe to Catholic nurses their restored health and happiness! For lapsed Catho-



**The Archbishop at capping ceremony at Carney Hospital. "You are healers of physical evil and teachers of spiritual truth"**

lics, Bob, are unhappy Catholics. Without Christ, without the channels of grace His Church provides, their lives are purposeless, their road through life tragic."

The Archbishop glanced up smiling. "What's that line of Shakespeare's, Bob—about the uses of adversity being sweet? When I was a lad in Southie, Father Mortimer Toomey quoted it to me one night in the parish hall, where I used to work evenings tending the pool table. A great priest, Father Toomey, scholar and poet and man of God. I myself was but one of the many vocations he encouraged. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'"

There was, I thought, a quizzical gleam in the Archbishop's eye. "But what's the rest of it, Professor? You can quote it I dare say, word for word."

Some scholar-saint helping. I could and did. "Sweet are the uses of adversity, that like the toad ugly and venomous, holds still a precious jewel in its head." *As You Like It*, Your Excellency, Act II, Scene I." And feeling smug, I tried to look modest.

"Good for you," said the Archbishop. "And you'd do as well I'm sure with the New Testament as with Shakespeare?"

Simultaneously exercising two Christian virtues, modestly I muttered a vague dissent, and most prudently. And was relieved when the Archbishop continued: "Sweet too may be suffering, Bob, and the uses of sickness that come so that the mercy of God may be demonstrated, together with His power and

wisdom, in and through and by those who serve His sick children, the afflicted and tormented—as do devout nurses, instruments of the Almighty, healers of physical evil and teachers of spiritual truth."

SOMEWHERE a bell chimed; voices murmured. For a brief second the Archbishop paused, then went on without haste, yet I somehow knew, aware now of the passing time, and of others waiting who needed him.

"Throughout the years of my ministry I have encountered more nurses aspiring to the religious life and to missionary careers than candidates called from any other profession. Nor is that a new trend. For in the calendar of saints we find more who were nurses, and who reached the heights of sanctity through the care of the sick, than through any other human activity. Does that surprise you?"

"Yesterday it might have," I answered. "Not now, after what you've been telling me." Happily then I said the right words: my guardian angel must have whispered, or my own Dad, a teacher of teachers till God called him at eighty—and a teacher still to his seven sons. Humbly and sincerely I heard myself saying, "Whenever hereafter I think of Catholic nurses, I'll hear the High Priest, the Divine Physician, 'I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink, sick and you visited Me.'"

The Archbishop was silent. He made no gesture. Nothing had changed, yet

I knew him pleased. His thought filled the room with silent music, and his quiet voice when he spoke was prayer and benison. "Yes, Bob. And Jesus said too, 'For as much as ye have done it to the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it to Me.' And that one simple sentence has been more world-shaking in its consequences, more formative of the spirit of our civilization than any line of like length uttered by anyone, anywhere, at any time. Not for nurses alone, for all people and problems, for all nations and men—the one answer. The Divine Physician's prescription for peace; peace among nations and neighbors; in palace and prison; in your heart and mine; peace today and eternal."

It was time to go. Graciously he walked with me toward the entrance hall. And hurriedly I said to him, "About the article you mentioned, Archbishop, I want you to know that I will try, and try hard. If I could just get in touch with some nurse—"

"You can, Bob," he said, "and the Head Nurse. When you say your rosary tonight, just mention it to Her. She'll take care of you."

WITH the obstinate concern of the craftsman for his tools. "Just the same," I said, troubled, "I need physical details, to get myself in a hospital and watch them at work."

He was suddenly smiling, the old boyish smile. "Don't worry," he said. Were he not the Archbishop, I'd say a big Irish grin. "You will, Bob, soon enough."

I kissed his ring, felt the touch of a hand in silent blessing, and heard him say softly, "And you'll find then in suffering the meaning and the glory; and beside the Still Waters exceeding great joy. Good-bye now. God bless you."

I had nothing to say, nor any thoughts I remember driving tranquilly home through the jewelled dusk, the soft falling rain that whispered gently of the advent of spring.

The Archbishop proved right; for saying my beads that very night it came to me. Between the fourth and the fifth decades I found my problem was solved, my article done. In the morning I'd type it as best I remembered, just what he'd said, our chief shepherd. Nor so doing would I be in the least embarrassed; for himself, the Archbishop does just the same; in act and word daily imitates and echoes his own High Priest; to Whom as Archbishop he spoke his first words, and will one day his last: "To Almighty God I consecrate anew all that I have and all that I am, for His glory, for my own sanctification, and for the welfare of the souls entrusted to my care."





THE NATION'S founding documents, the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, rest in second floor exhibit hall



PERFECT copy of the Gutenberg Bible, valued at \$300,000, is one of the Library of Congress' most famous rare editions



Thirty-two million items of man-made lore  
fill the shelves of the Library of Congress

## City of the mind

WESTERN civilization could be completely destroyed, some morbid wit—no doubt a government public relations man—once observed, and it could be almost entirely reconstructed from the intellectual, cultural, and scientific data that fill the 415 miles of shelves of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C. Reconstructors of our civilization would find some thirty-two million items documenting world civilization, including more than ten million books and pamphlets on every subject written in a multitude of languages. Several million volumes would describe our science and law; two million volumes and pieces of music and a half million recordings would tell what music had charms to soothe our civilized breasts. The only thing that might be missing would be some words of wisdom on how the reconstructors might avoid the same fate we had suffered. But as we said, the wit who started this fantastic train of thought was somewhat morbid and, let's hope, dead wrong. Meanwhile, Americans can continue to enjoy their city of the mind—the fabulous Library of Congress.

Photographs by Douglas Grundy—Three Lions



MUSIC COLLECTION includes these four, literally priceless Stradivari string instruments, seen played here in the library's auditorium

INTERNATIONAL scope of the library is evinced  
by book shipment returning from Austrian National Library





ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS OF TITANS OF MUSIC LIKE BEETHOVEN AND MOZART ARE AMONG THE LIBRARY'S MOST TREASURED ITEMS

September, 1955

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# Swarm of Thrushes

BY MAURA LAVERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

SHE was putting the last pin in her heavy coil of dark hair when she heard her husband's step in the living room. "That you, Denis?" she called.

"Only me, honey."

She pulled the belt of her new dress one notch tighter and admired the effect. Vain old woman, she chided herself. You're forty-five. Today is your silver wedding, and here you are titivating yourself as if you were only a bride. "Just put the kettle on the gas, Denis. I'll be down in a minute."

"No hurry, Mary." Whistling, he went into the kitchen. It was an off-key, little-boy whistle. As she fastened the pin he had given her that morning, a lapis lazuli set in silver—"It's the color of your eyes, Mary"—her imagination accompanied the red-headed, dependable figure that tramped stockily from sink to stove and back to the living room, mouth pursed seriously in that ridiculous whistle. She smiled happily at her reflection. The new dress was a success. So was her marriage.

The whistling ceased abruptly when she joined him. Denis emitted what he fondly

thought was a wolf-call. "Now, that's what I call a dress!" he said with enthusiasm.

She pirouetted for his approval. "Maybe I should have kept it for tonight." A half-dozen of their neighbors were coming in to celebrate with them.

He took her in his arms. "Haven't I always told you that blue is your color?" She could have reminded him that he had said much the same thing about her yellow dress, about her green suit, about her red housecoat. To which he could have replied with equal truth that in everything she wore she looked perfect to him. "M'mm . . . nice feel, too," he said as he kissed her. "And nice smell."

She broke away from him. "That will do, Denis Nolan." Mock severity covered her sudden shyness. She knew it was ridiculous, but there were times even yet when his kiss could make her feel as shy as a girl. "Are you not ashamed of yourself—and you with three grown-up children?"

"Not a bit," he assured her cheekily with a grin which belied his age. "Sure, I'm only a young fellow. And you, Mary—honestly, you don't look a day over thirty."

*It was their wedding anniversary— But Limerick is a long a from*



g from Dublin, and young people find plenty to occupy their time...



"Get along with you!" She was pleased and flattered. "You and your blarney! Let me get you your lunch—blarney won't help you out with Mr. Murphy if you're late getting back to the office."

He snapped his fingers. "That for the office! I've taken a half day. Doesn't the occasion warrant it?"

"I does, indeed," she agreed gleefully. "But don't imagine you're going to sit around here in idleness. I've a million things to do before night." She took a cloth from the sideboard and tossed it to him. "For a start, you can be setting the table while I scramble the eggs."

Awkwardly, his unaccustomed hands shook out the cloth and arranged it on the table—the small table. They rarely used the dining table now that the children had left home. He put the knives and forks in place and then came to the kitchen door where he leaned against the jamb watching his wife's deft movements.

"If we had a hundred years together," he said quietly, "I'd never get tired of looking at you."

For answer, she gave him a smile of great sweetness. The words of love did not come easily to Mary. As always when moved, she took refuge in ordinary things. "Table set already, Denis?"

"It doesn't take long to set a table for two."

She adjusted the flame of the gas. "It was different when we had the children here."

He went to the dresser and collected salt and pepper. "That reminds me. What did the postman bring you from them?"

With great concentration, Mary spooned the eggs onto the warm plates. "Nothing," she said briefly.

"Not even a card?" he asked incredulously.

Airily she answered, "Not even a card." He was not deceived by the lightness of her tone. No one but he—not even the children themselves—knew how much Eily and Peggy and Shawn meant to their mother. No one but he could guess at her hurt and disappointment at this evidence of their forgetfulness. "But that was only the first post," he said quickly. "I'll bet you anything you like that Pat Daly will be bringing you a whole armful of presents from them when he comes with the second post."

Eagerly, she seized on his chance of reassurance. "Do you really think so, Denis?" The light returned to her face. "That's what I've been telling myself all morning."

"Just you wait until four o'clock, my girl," he said stoutly. "You'll find they haven't forgotten."

She set the food on the table. As she sat down, she looked at the three photographs on the mantelpiece, her glance caressing each in turn: Eily, slender and lovely in her wedding dress; Peggy, serious in cap and gown; Shawn, earnest and young and proud in his lieutenant's uniform. "It wouldn't be like them to forget," she said softly. "They were always so good at remembering birthdays and anniversaries."

Denis did not answer. That was before they left home for good, he was thinking. Lately, they haven't been giving much thought to their mother or their home. Only token gifts to her at Christmas; nothing but a card for her birthday and at Easter. And their visits home have been few and far between. He could have understood and forgiven their falling-off in generosity if money had been scarce with them. But Peggy had a good job. Shawn's pay was ample for a boy of twenty-one. And Eily's husband was a doctor.

As if reading his thoughts, Mary said, "All I want from them is a sign that they haven't forgotten us today. I'd

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• Addressee: the last person to read a post card.

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hate the day to go by without a wish from them."

"They could well afford to be generous with you and to come home oftener." He held out his cup for more tea. "But I suppose it's the old story. Now that they find themselves able to stand on their own two feet, they've neither time nor thought for those who taught them to walk." He tried hard to keep the bitterness out of his voice, the bitterness that welled in him not on his own account but on Mary's. It was not that he was indifferent to his children. His affection for them was deep and strong. But it bore no comparison with the intense love he gave his wife. She was all fulfillment to him, all satisfaction.

Being an honest man, he asked himself uneasily if the bitterness he now felt was not inspired—partly, at least—by jealousy of the place which the children occupied in Mary's thoughts and by resentment of their power to hurt her. He had so often known jealousy of them when they were growing up. Despising himself for it, he had hidden his jealousy and had tried to make amends to his conscience by being more than ordinarily patient with their childish tantrums, more than ordinarily lavish with toys and pocket money on payday. "You're spoiling them," Mary had often chided him, never guessing that

the real culprit was her own inarticulateness, her inability to give her husband the verbal assurance he craved that it was he who came first with her. For Denis had the humility of great love, and he had never been able to believe that he filled the place in Mary's life which she filled in his.

She pushed the toast toward him. "Don't be too hard on them," she pleaded. "Running up and down between Dublin and Limerick is an expensive business. How do we know what expenses they may have? You may be sure that Eily has plenty to do with her money, and she not much more than a year married. And wasn't Peggy saying that several of her friends are going to Germany this summer? Maybe she's saying to go with them. As for Shawn—well, it wouldn't be at all surprising to hear that he has a girl friend. These days, the cost of courting comes high."

He did not try to shatter the web of comfort she wove for herself. "You're probably right," he said. To take her mind off the children, he decided to announce the good news which he had intended to keep until last thing tonight. "Tell me, Mary . . . How would you like a second honeymoon?"

"Is it a honeymoon in Paris?" she joked. They laughed, although the joke was threadbare. Three days in Dublin had been all they could afford when they married. "Next May, we'll have a real honeymoon—a honeymoon in Paris," they had promised each other. When May came around again, it found Mary in Limerick hospital with Eily in a cot at the foot of her bed. Within four years of their marriage, they had three babies to care for.

"How we clung to that daft notion!"

She glanced at the bookcase where she still preserved the bundles of travel folders which they had accumulated over the years. She flashed him her quick, warm smile. "What matter? Didn't we get great fun out of our dreaming?"

Her hand rested on the table, small and rough-workened. He covered it with his. "I'm afraid I haven't been much of a husband to you. I haven't been able to give you much."

"You gave me everything in life except the things that don't count," she told him with sincerity.

He shook his head. "The honeymoon in Paris . . . the fur coat . . . the new bathroom. So many hopes, so many times."

"Weren't we rich in having our hopes? What are hopes but the banknotes of the poor? Drink up your tea, Denis, before it gets cold."

Obediently, he drained his cup. Then, philosophically, he shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose it was never having a





*"Why can't the gossiping old fool get on with his job?" Denis clenched his fists until they showed white*

bird in the hand that kept us listening so eagerly for one in the bush. And when we'd hear the far-off chirping of even one little sparrow, we were able to make ourselves believe that the air around us was thick with thrushes. Nostalgia for the easy optimism of youth held him for a moment. He shook it off. "This time, Mary, it's really a bird in the hand."

"What? The second honeymoon?"

"Not in Paris, I'm afraid. Would you settle for a couple of weeks in Connemara when I get my holidays next month?"

"But, Denis! We couldn't afford—"

"We could," he assured her, delighting in her excitement. "We were told in the office this morning that old Murphy is giving us a holiday bonus—not through goodness of heart, mind you, but to save himself surtax. It won't be much, but it should be enough to give us a fortnight in some quiet hotel in Roundstone or Clifden. Would you like that?"

"I'd love it," she said eagerly. "It will be nearly as good as Paris!"

"I wouldn't say that," he smiled. "But at least it will be a holiday—our first real holiday together." He gave a little sigh of relief. "You know, I was half-afraid you'd say we should save it—or that we should use it to get the house done up, or the roof repaired, or for something sensible like that."

"N O," she said, her eyes shining. "We've been sensible all our lives. Let's be extravagant once!"

"That's settled, then. This very evening, I'll write up to the Tourist Board and ask them about hotels."

"If you write the letter early," she pointed out, "you'll be able to give it to Pat Daly when he comes with the second post." She stood up and began to clear the table. "That is, if he comes," she added, half to herself.

Denis was addressing the envelope when they heard Pat Daly's theme song announcing his approach.

"As I strolled out through Dublin City,

On a fine September night—"

The song was accompanied by the tinny rattle of the postman's ancient bicycle as it creaked and rattled its way up the lane.

"What did I tell you?" Denis cried triumphantly. "Didn't I say there was no reason for you to go upsetting yourself? Didn't you know well that the children wouldn't forget?" He rejoiced to see her face light up.

"You did! I did!" she assured him with incoherent delight. "It would have been their first time to forget. They're good children. I should have trusted them."

With perfect timing, Pat came to the end of the verse as he reached the door.

"Who should I see but the Spanish lady,

Washing her feet by candlelight?"

"Let me go," Mary said. "You know I love to take in the post." As she leaned over his shoulder to pick up the letter

he had written, she touched her cheek to his with moth-wing gentleness. Quick and light-stepping, she went out of the room and down the hall and, as always, a part of him went with her.

He heard Pat's friendly greeting. "Grand weather we're having, Mrs. Nolan." There was a pause. "That's all I have for you today."

There was a slightly longer pause before Mary's answer. "It's grand weather, indeed, Pat. If it keeps up like this, we'll be digging the new potatoes and drawing home the turf before we know where we are." The words, quick and bright, came in a cheerful cascade.

With the seismographic sensitivity of tenderness, Denis detected the over-brightness, over-cheerfulness. They forgot her, he told himself, and anger rose in him. As plainly as if he were standing beside her, he saw the brave defensive lift of her chin as she offered Pat Daly her simulated gaiety.

"Is your mother keeping well, Pat?"

"Never better, Mrs. Nolan. She's like a two-year-old. And how are the children? How is little Eily — Mrs. Glennon. I should say? I find it hard to remember that they're grown up."

"So do I, Pat. It seems only the other day that they were running down the lane to meet you. They're all doing fine, thank you. They're all doing real well."

Too well to remember their mother, thought the listening man.

"They haven't been home for a good while," Pat rambled on.

**W**HY can't the gossiping fool shut up and get on with his job? In futile annoyance, Denis clenched his fists until the knuckles showed white.

"We—we're hoping to see them this summer, Pat." Denis's ears caught the strain which gave a slight breathlessness to the cheerful voice. "Limerick is a long way from Dublin, you know. And—and young people find plenty to occupy their time."

"That's true enough, Mrs. Nolan. Well, remember me to them when you write. I'd better be off, now. So long to you, ma'am. I'll post this letter for you."

"Thank you, Pat. Good-by and good luck."

The bicycle creaked and rattled. "As I strolled out through Dublin city," sang the wheezy voice. The door was shut gently and the latch clicked into place.

"—On a fine September night," sang Mary as she came down the hall.

Like a child singing for comfort in the dark, Denis told himself. He avoided her eyes as she came into the room. "I wish Pat Daly would learn a new song," he said. "In all the time he's been coming to this house, I've never known him to change his tune."

Mary opened the big envelope which the postman had brought. She took out a brightly colored bulb catalogue. "And I wish," she said, her voice still unnaturally high and cheerful, "that those Dutch people would have the sense to realize that they're only wasting their time and money in sending us their catalogues. Year after year, they send them—and all on the strength of one little order we gave them after Shawn was born." Her voice trailed off. She dropped the catalogue and went to the window, where she stood looking out into the small garden.

The afternoon sun bathed her soft hair, showing up the strands in which white had won its first victories over brown. "Still, those tulips were good value," she said in a small voice. "They did well."

She drooped suddenly. Dennis came and stood beside her.

He put his arm around her slight waist and drew her to him. She rubbed her cheek against his tweed shoulder. "Will you look at the poor, old beech tree?" she said in the detached way of one making conversation. "Will it ever straighten again?" At the bottom of the garden, a copper beech grew lopsidedly. On one of its strong limbs were two parallel scars to show how for years it had supported the children's swing. "Remember when Peggy fell out of the swing and broke her arm?"

"I do," he said. "I wanted to cut down

the swing, then, but you wouldn't let me. You were right, of course. You said that if they didn't get a chance to meet danger, they'd never be self-reliant and independent."

She drew her breath quickly in a way that was half a sob. At the sound, he was no longer able to keep up the pretense. "The trouble with our three," he said harshly, "is that they're too independent by far. They're a selfish and ungrateful pack. I've a good mind to write and tell them what I think of them."

Mary tensed and drew away from him. "Don't you dare do such a thing, Denis Nolan!" she said stormily. "And I won't listen to a word against them from you or from anyone else. They're good children, and well you know it. Did they ever give us an hour's real worry? And didn't they study hard and win scholarships every step of the way?"

"Maybe so," he conceded. "But after all your goodness to them—"

"What goodness?" she demanded. "I brought them into the world and I reared them. Should I be given a prize for doing what was no more than my duty?"

"It isn't every mother who gives so much of herself to her children as you did," he insisted. "I remember watching you with them long ago. You might be only putting a bow on Eily's hair, or—fixing Shawn's tie. It was the way you did it. I remember watching your



*She saw a car turn up the lane toward their home*

face and thinking that you got more out of every little thing you did for the children than I'd get out of—out of a salary raise."

"Isn't that just what I'm trying to make you see?" she said impatiently. "Whatever a mother does for her children is done because she'd be going against her heart and her nature if she left it undone. It isn't a question of 'goodness.' If anyone was good to them, Denis, it was you."

He looked at her blankly. "I? But—" He swallowed. "That's a strange thing to hear from you, Mary. When they were growing up, didn't you accuse me many a time of not taking enough interest in them? You had a grievance because I didn't take them fishing like Joe Kinsella took his children. And because I didn't take them to the races, like Tom Maher."

S OFT contrition replaced her storminess. "I know I said that. And many another hard thing. I'm sorry. That was before I learned that there's many a way of being a good father besides taking part in children's play. Yes; Joe Kinsella took his boys fishing. But did he give up his cigarettes and his bottle of stout as you did so that the youngsters would have decent clothes in college? And Tom Maher often took his boys to the races. But what did he do with them as soon as they were old enough to earn a few shillings? He took them away from school and put them into blind-alley jobs. If our children have done well for themselves, they owe it to you. There never was a father like you."

"Now you're talking rubbish, girl," he said gruffly.

"It's no rubbish." Her blue eyes were darker than ever. "And what annoys me is that they should show themselves so ungrateful to you. It's for your hurt I'm concerned."

"Nobody but you can hurt me, Mary," he said simply.

"But I still can't understand it!" Bewilderedly, she looked around the room as if seeking an explanation from the familiar things of home. "I've heard people complaining of being neglected by their children . . . of being forgotten by them once they had left home for good. But that our three should treat us this way—" She shook her head. "I just can't understand it."

"Don't try to, girl. Does it matter?"

"It does, Denis." Her voice was troubled and grave. "I've been thinking a lot about them during the past few months—ever since they started to grow away from us so much. I've been thinking that maybe I am to blame."

"Are you losing your reason, Mary? How could you be to blame?"

She faltered, and her fingers plucked nervously at a loose thread in the lapel of his coat. "I'm nearly ashamed to say it in case you think me an unnatural mother."

"Say it, love. Say what's in your mind."

It came hard on her to put it into words. But she lifted her head and faced him squarely. "I tried not to let them see it, Denis, but maybe they guessed. I've been fretting in case they guessed that—that, much as I love them. I've been happier since they left home than ever before in my life. Does that sound terrible? It was having you to myself, you see—and being able to give all my thoughts and my time and my loving to you. To some women, it's their children that matter most. With me, you always came first."

"You never told me." The words came huskily and he repeated them. "You never told me, Mary."

Wonderingly, she looked at him. "Why should I have to tell you something you knew? You're not going to tell me that

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• The person who throws mud isn't standing on firm ground.—  
Quote

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you've been waiting twenty-five years to discover that I love you?" What she saw in his eyes made her at once proud and humble and shy. "Well, anyway," she finished lamely, "that's how it is. And I've been fretting in case I made the children feel they weren't wanted."

"You did wrong to fret." He spoke with conviction. Confidence and wisdom such as he had never felt before were flooding him. "That's the way our children—all children—would want it. Children want to be free to live their own lives and find their own loves. To give them the weight of loving that belongs rightly between man and wife is to shackle them."

She considered this. Then she nodded. "You might be right. I never looked at it that way."

"Say again what you said a minute ago, Mary," he begged. "That I'm first with you."

"You're the sun, moon, and stars to me, Denis. And always have been." She could no longer elude his urgent arms. "Are you never going to settle down to growing old?" she whispered.

It was after six o'clock when she remembered that there were scones to be baked and sandwiches to be made. She set Denis to carving the meat while she mixed dough.

The kitchen table stood under the window. As her well-rehearsed hands went through their ritual of measuring,

mixing, and kneading, her eyes, from force of habit, kept straying out over the rushy fields to where a sparse line of sycamores fringed the edge of the road. She saw a car drive along in a swirl of dust and turn up the lane toward their home.

"Denis!" The alarm in her voice brought him hurrying. "Here comes the Murphys' car! And I wasn't expecting them until eight. I'll be disgraced forever if they find the place in such a mess." She whipped off her apron. "Keep them talking for a minute while I tidy myself!" She dashed for the stairs.

Before she reached the bedroom, his voice halted her. "Come down, Mary. You don't have to titivate. It's only the children."

"What did you say?"

"It isn't the Murphys. It's the children. They didn't forget, after all."

Afterward, she could never remember actually coming down the stairs. She could only remember hugging and being hugged by each of them in turn.

"We thought we'd give you a surprise, darling," Eily was saying. "We thought we'd come in person to thank you for marrying each other and for being such a grand father and mother."

Shawn had an arm around his father's shoulders. "He's a good eight inches taller than I am, Mary," Denis said.

"BUT he'll never be half the man Daddy is," said Peggy tersely. The girls sat one each side of their mother on the settee. Peggy raised her eyebrows at Eily. "Will you tell them? Or, will I?"

"We'll let Shawn tell," Eily said. "Go on, Shawn."

"Okay." He grinned, and for a moment his face became the face of Denis as Mary had first known him. Shawn cleared his throat. "Well, Dad and Mum, we know you must have been thinking that we haven't been too good to you lately. But—well, the three of us have been saving. We've been saving for a trip abroad."

"That will be lovely for you," Mary said gladly. "Are the three of you going together?"

He laughed. "We're not going at all. But you two are going."

"Honeymoon in Paris!" said the girls together. Eily opened her bag and took out a thick wallet which she handed to her father. "The plane reservations are in that, Dad—and some money."

Husband and wife looked at each other. "Has anybody a handkerchief?" Mary asked shakily. "I'm going to cry."

Denis could not say anything because of the way his throat was hurting.

Both could have sworn that in that moment they heard the clear, full-throated singing of a thousand thrushes.



*Villa Schifanoia stands in Renaissance splendor over elaborate, formal gardens*

In the hills of Italy is a school with a strange history, a strange program, and—to us—a strange name

# VILLA SCHIFANOIA

by ETHEL J. GOOD



*The Honorable Myron Taylor, the former Ambassador to the Vatican, donated his Villa Schifanoia to the Holy See*

BESIDE a winding, Italian road which leads from Florence to Fiesole, so narrowly confined by ancient walls that cars must pull aside to let the oxen teams pass, there is an iron gate with the inscription, Pius XII institute, Property of the Holy See. Within the enclosing walls, over which you can glimpse the smoky tips of cypress trees, is one of the most unusual schools in the world, a Graduate School of Fine Arts for Women, housed in the magnificent villa of His Excellency, The Honorable Myron C. Taylor, former Ambassador to the Vatican.

The villa is very old, much older than there are records to show. The section has been known as "Schifanoia," a place for recreation and diversion, since long before the time of Boccaccio, and either this villa or the one next door, Palmieri, was the setting for the famous *Decameron*.

It seems fantastic that the scene of these risque tales is now a Dominican school!

In times gone by, the present villa was probably a dependency of the Palmieri estate, but its first recorded history dates from its ownership by the Ciacchi family of Papal nobility, and their coat of arms is engraved in many places in the adjoining chapel and on the front loggia of the villa at the base of the columns. Since the Ciacchi residency, it has changed hands many times and was finally bought by Mr. Taylor in 1927.

Although the Taylors had traveled all over the world, they chose this villa, far from the tension of the business world, for their own retreat, and, under their care, it was transformed and embellished with extraordinary refinement of taste, into one of the showplaces of Europe. Soon after the acquisition of this villa, the Taylors also



bought Villa La Badia next door to accommodate the overflow of guests, and the splendor of their occupancy is still legend in a city upon which it is difficult to make an impression.

When did the idea of donating Schifanoia to His Holiness Pope Pius XII first come to the minds of the owners?

THEY remembered a letter received when the American papers announced their purchase of a villa on the slopes of Fiesole, written by a Dominican Sister from Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. This convent had been founded in 1849 by an Italian, Padre Mazzuchelli from Milan, and had prospered rapidly. Now the Sisters of Rosary College in River Forest, Illinois, one of the many houses of the Order, were interested in purchasing a small villa in the vicinity of Fiesole to be used as a School of Fine Arts, and they asked to be informed in case such a villa should ever be available. Thus, the seed of the idea of donating Villa Schifanoia to Pope Pius XII was planted in the minds of the Taylors.

The negotiations were handled personally and through the intervention of Count Enrico Galeazzi, General Director of Technical and Economic Services of the Vatican State. The gift was accepted with gratitude, and a stone slab, placed on the entrance wall of the villa, commemorates the donation. On October 10, 1946, the pioneer group of nuns arrived at Schifanoia.

On October 10, 1948, after a period of tremendous and unceasing effort on the part of the three nuns to put the school into working order, an exceptional ceremony opened the new foreign school. Among the many notable guests taking part were the Archbishop of Florence, Cardinal Elia Dalla Costa; the Bishop of Fiesole, Monsignor Giovanni Giorgis; Bishop Martin O'Connor, Rector of the North American College in Rome; Count Enrico Galeazzi, Representative of the Vatican; Mr. Franklin C. Gowen, Representative of Myron C. Taylor; and His Excellency Dr. Tommaso Pavone, Prefect of Florence.

Villa Schifanoia is an interdemotional academy for college graduates who are interested in furthering their own cultural education in one of the greatest centers of culture the world has ever known. They are permitted to study music, art, history of art, architecture, and Italian language and literature among the most ideal surroundings which could possibly be imagined, either attending classes or receiving private instruction as they prefer.

The music students have a separate conservatory all their own with Steinway-equipped practice rooms. Ordinarily, they go into the city for lessons with Masters such as Nardi and Magli-one, renowned in the world of Florentine music, but the lectures on history of music, presented by such well-known musicians as Thieri and Lupi, are presented in a lecture room adapted to the purpose with recordings and musical instruments.

Two years ago, a magnificent studio was added to the property, the upper floor to be used for painting and the lower, for sculpture. The art instructors come up to the villa for these lessons, and their names and reputations are no less illustrious in the Florentine art circles than those of the musicians . . . Conti, Cavalli, Berti, and Annigoni, who recently visited London to paint a portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

JUST as the lectures on history of music are open to students who wish to enlarge their cultural background, so the series of lectures on art history, given by such eminent scholars as Salvini, Director of the Uffizi, and Marchini, Inspector of Museums in Florence and Tuscany, are recommended to all. These lectures are supplemented by extensive guided tours of the museums and galleries.

Eminent lecturers on all subjects who happen to be passing through Florence are always invited to the villa, and the year's curriculum is highlighted by a visit to the villa of Bernard Berenson, the greatest living critic of Italian art, who resides in nearby Settignano, and a personally conducted tour of the collection of Count Alessandro Contini Bonacossi, whose El Greco's alone would make the collection notable. Best of all, the operas, concerts, and galleries of Florence are right down in the city to be enjoyed at leisure.

One of the greatest events of the scholastic year is the annual trip to Rome on the occasion of a private audience granted by His Holiness. The girls meet in front of the obelisk in St. Peter's Square and proceed into the Vatican, accompanied by Swiss Guards, resplendent in the blue-and-orange costumes designed for them by Raphael, passing through many gorgeous audience chambers into the private library of the Pope. Once inside, they are cordially greeted by His Holiness, who has a personal conference with each about her studies and confers the Papal blessing upon each, individually, after which he smilingly consents to a series of group photographs.

Social life is another important facet of life at Schifanoia. The American Consulate has much to offer in the way of entertainment; the students are invited to many gatherings and parties in the surrounding villas and palaces; and visiting celebrities such as General Ridgway, Conductor Arturo Rodzinski, Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce, Sculptress Malvina Hoffman, and Queen Helen of Rumania, who lives nearby, are frequently at the long dining table. There are dances, receptions, art exhibitions, and recitals, and when Mr. and Mrs. Taylor come at the end of the year to grace the final exercises by their welcome presence, the place is fairly ablaze with glamour.

THE girls live in the villa, although, in recent years, the increase in enrollment has made it necessary to place some of them in the rooms above the conservatory. As you and the Sister converse, you can see girls coming and going across the terrace and the gardens, carrying music portfolios and paintboxes. A pretty brunette in a soiled smock blunders into the salon, notices that there is a guest, and hastily excuses herself to ascend to the upper regions, where her room is located.

Leaving the villa, you follow the Sister through the formal gardens into the studio where you gaze out, through windows which take up almost the entire wall space, at the famed Monastery of La Badia, its yellow walls and red-



*Surrounded by some of the most beautiful and famous scenery of Italy, the art students never lack inspiration*



*The new, magnificent painting studio. Beyond formal gardens and olive orchards rise the blue Appenines. The most famous artists of Florence lecture here*



*The Sisters and students of Villa Schifanoia have a private audience with His Holiness each year. Villa Schifanoia is the property of the Holy See*

*Although Villa Schifanoia has its conservatory, music students ordinarily go into Florence for private instructions. Here Professor Nardi instructs a student*



tiled roofs glowing through the gray-green olive orchards in the late afternoon sun . . . and beyond, the Appenines, blue, enticing, and remote.

Below the studio are the kitchen gardens where scarlet Italian tomatoes ripen in the heat and clusters of grapes hang heavy from the vines festooned over small trees. Between the feathery tips of olive trees, you catch a glimpse of the Monastery of Fiesole on the heights, and the voices of children drift up from the fields along the Mugnone.

As you walk up the avenue of cypresses which leads back to the villa, you inquire of the Sister about the requirements for entrance to this cultural Mecca. She replies that it is necessary to have a degree from a reputable college, although, in the case of outstanding talent, this requirement may be waived. There are some scholarships, both full and part-tuition, which are awarded on the basis of recommendation and past performance by Rosary College, and Cardinal Spellman also has the privilege of awarding a group of scholarships to worthy candidates.

The price of tuition includes board and instruction for the scholastic year, although the student must naturally pay her own trip abroad and her personal expenses during the period of her stay.

Travel during week-ends and vacations is encouraged, and frequently the students travel south in groups to Rome and Naples or north to Venice and Milan to attend performances in the opera houses and visit the galleries.

You sign your name in the guest register in the salon along with many others who have enjoyed the privilege of a few hours in this remarkable school, and while you turn the pages to see what the others have written, you come upon one written by Mr. Taylor and his wife. It reads:

"What a beautiful thing it is to visit the happy group, Sisters and students, each pursuing definite artistic aims and registering real progress. We have felt our dream come true and as the setting sun glorifies the heavens, so, to us, this prospect radiates immense satisfaction. Harmony expressed in the daily life of Schifanoia makes real the poet's prayer:

'And the night shall be filled with music

Aid the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away.'

"Though absent, we will continue to envision this charming atmosphere and enjoy your good work, even as you do, with the wish of happiness for you in all things under God."

# THE GREAT STONE

by  
**JUDE MEAD, C. P.**



*"A tomb hewn out of a rock"*

**The stone rolled against the tomb of Jesus was a stone  
which figuratively rolled over the stricken heart of Mary**

**J**UST as standing by the Cross of Jesus was Mary's ultimate sorrow in intensity, her last sorrow in time is the Burial of Jesus. This is the seventh hour of her Compassion. It is her hour of desolation.

There are so many minute details about the entombment of Jesus that the facts are at once clear. Joseph of Arimathea went boldly to Pilate to ask for the body of Jesus. According to the inhumanity of those times, such a request would never have been granted without the bribe of a large gift of money. Pilate seems to have ignored this custom, no doubt because he was troubled greatly by what he had done out of fear and a weakling's desire to safeguard his own political position. Joseph therefore purchased a linen shroud and with Nicodemus, who was a secret disciple of Christ, went to Calvary to offer their services to Mary. They also

brought with them a mixture of myrrh and aloes weighing a hundred pounds.

The body of Jesus in His Passion had received every humiliation. But this was over. Now, in humble adoration, Mary His mother, John the beloved, and the holy women washed that Sacred Body and anointed its many wounds with aromatic salve. Then, according to the custom of the Jews, they wrapped it in a clean linen cloth. Nothing remained except to lay Jesus in another man's tomb.

It is rather striking to note that all these preparations for the burial of Jesus, although prompted by the greatest love, were done in a great hurry to avoid violating the Jewish law which forbade manual labor or journeying after the Sabbath sundown. When it was time for Jesus to suffer, the hate of His enemies recognized neither law nor haste. His whole trial was a travesty

of justice. According to the law of the Jews, no man could be tried at night. The trial of Jesus by the chosen people was in the dead of night. A strict precept forbade that a man be executed on the day of his condemnation, yet Jesus was dead before the sundown of that day. In fact, everything was done to lengthen the sufferings of Our Lord. A man from Cyrene was forced to help Christ carry the cross, lest He die on the way before being crucified. Jesus was offered a strengthening drink to deaden His pain and prolong His suffering on the Cross. But now, when the hour of His suffering is over, those that love Him are compelled to hasten that they may keep the Law which Jesus had loved and fulfilled. That things for the burial of Jesus had been done rather incompletely and hurriedly is clear from the narrative of the Resurrection. The Holy women came very

early in the morning with material to finish embalming the body of Christ. Love urged them to return to make their act of love complete in its perfection.

When Christ's dead body had been honored as well as time would allow, it was carried to the tomb. The tomb was cut deep in the rock, with a shelf on the side to receive the body. Once again the body of Jesus was engulfed in silence and darkness. First, it had been the darkness of life, hidden in the pure womb of Mary, of whom the Church exclaims, "Him whom the whole world could not contain, thou hast encompassed within thy womb." Now it was the darkness of death. And His holy Mother, instead of the sweetness of possession, now has the bitterness of desolation.

As a protection against grave robbers, a great stone was rolled up against the mouth of the tomb.

Here, too, divine Providence stepped in. The enemies of the dead Christ still feared Him. Their going to Pilate attested both the reality of Christ's death

and the imminence of his Resurrection. The only answer from Pilate was that they should guard the sepulchre themselves. So, as the friends of Jesus leave out of duty, the soldiers of His enemies take up their place of duty. The King lies in state and it is befitting His dignity that He should have a guard of honor about His remains, for He is set above all kings. As the hymn on the Feast of Christ the King exclaims:

*"To Thee, O Jesus, be everlasting glory:  
Who setteth bounds to earthly  
kingships."*

The great stone which was rolled up against the tomb of Jesus is a symbol. Its placement inaugurates the longest weekend in the history of the world. The three days during which the God who made the world from nothing lies behind it is a symbol of the weight of all man's iniquity thrown against Christ but still not able to overcome Him. Just as Christ Himself had said, for those who lead the innocent into sin, that it would be better for them not to have been born, better for them to have a millstone tied about their neck and that

they be cast into the sea, so too through the innocent Jesus' dying for our sins, we are reborn and the stone we have deserved is laid up against Him whom it cannot bear down.

The great stone that was rolled up against the tomb of Jesus, after which all left and went their way, is also a symbol of the sorrow of Mary in this seventh hour of her Compassion. The grief is no less heavy on her sword-pierced heart than is the stone lying against the tomb of her Son. We are told that the soldiers even put a seal on the stone so that no one could remove it. And surely the grief of Mary has its own seal, the mark of love and compassion.

THE women asked on Resurrection morn, "Who will roll us back the stone?" (Mark 16:3) And as we consider the desolation of the heart of Mary, bereft of her only Son and returning from His hurried burial, we too can ask the same question. Who is able to roll back this stone? . . . for it is very great.

In Spain the faithful salute with reverence the Solitude of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Thus they commemorate the lonely hours Mary endured while Jesus was in the tomb. Some people embrace solitude because they want it. But for those upon whom solitude is laid as a necessity, it is a great suffering. Burly prisoners break under solitary discipline. The sick, the aged, and the neglected die a little every day for no other reason than their enforced solitude. Now Mary's solitude was endured, as were all her sorrows, as a vicarious suffering in punishment for the sins of men, although she herself was sinless. Mary's desolate solitude came to her also as a loss, the greatest loss in the records of mankind, the burial of her Divine Son.

The medieval manuscript illuminators tenderly depict Mary at the burial of Jesus as holding His dead hand as the procession wends its way from Calvary to the tomb, as kissing His hand in a last farewell, as looking away as the stone is rolled up to shut Him out of sight, as embracing with widespread arms this rock which is at once the last act of her charity to the dead Christ and her first act of hope in His Resurrection.

Christ Himself explained to the disciples on the road to Emmaus that the Christ ought to have endured all these things and thus, uniquely by His Passion, enter into His Glory. And thus as we honor Mary as the splendid Queen of Heaven, assumed into that realm body and soul, we see in her crown not only twelve stars but seven swords, the price of her Compassion with Jesus, the proof of her love for us, the means of her suffering, and a true cause of her glory.

## LEGEND

by RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL

*Tell to your children, for their children's children:  
There was a time of ploughshares, not of swords,  
Faith among nations, borders candidly open,  
Peoples not plagued with madness, rational lords.*

*Say to your sons: There was another world  
Where folk gave all their hearts to planting and making.  
And men died old, having never tasted dread,  
And earth was not kneaded with blood, nor the heavens  
shaking.*

*Recount this to your children, bid them tell it  
To the long generations to come, because  
They must save a hope of that gold time's returning.  
Remember it far better than it was.*

## JOSEPH

by JESSICA POWERS

*Joseph has strong arms, a strong grasp  
When strength is in demand.  
Not only is a child's soft hand protected  
In his brown massive hand,*

*But he can hold up cities, hold up nations.  
Now in the season of weakness, season of search,  
He can poise on his shoulder like a child  
The ponderous age-old structure of the Church.*

*There on his shoulder, there in the crotch of his arm,  
A church, a people held, a kingdom piled.  
And Joseph knows this strength grew great in him  
From lifting up a Child.*



THIRTY-FIVE YEARS have passed since the founding of St. Augustine Seminary in Bay St. Louis, Miss., by the Fathers of the Divine Word, and in that time thirty-one young Negro priests have gone forth to walk in the footsteps of the apostles, the largest number of Negroes ordained at any single seminary in America. Among them was one who has since been called to the dignity of the episcopate, Most Rev. Joseph O. Bowers, S.V.D., Bishop of Accra, British West Africa.

This has been the flowering of the dream of two zealous priests, Fathers James Wendel and Matthew Christman, S.V.D., who in the early 1900's became impressed with the need for an American Negro clergy. For years, the two priests worked to make their dream a reality despite formidable opposition, and in 1919 the late Bishop Gunn of Natchez, Miss., gave them permission to found their seminary. Father Wendel died shortly before the seminary opened in 1920, but Father Christman went on to serve as its first rector.



## INTERRACIAL SEMINARY

At St. Augustine Seminary, young candidates for the priesthood experience genuine brotherhood as they prepare to walk in the footsteps of the apostles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN COLEMAN



INTENSIVE STUDY IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF SEMINARY LIFE; HERE, THREE MAJOR SEMINARIANS STUDY AT NIGHT



THE KISS OF PEACE, given at Solemn Mass, symbolizes the spirit of brotherhood at St. Augustine's



BREAKFASTING together in major seminary dining room, students of both races chat amiably about plans for the day or enjoy a busy theological debate



CLASSES are not all on theology and Latin. Here, Frater Frank Shigo, S.V.D., studies specimens in biology lab

## Interracial Seminary . . .

TIMES CHANGE and dreams mature with the years. So it was with the dream of Fathers Wendell and Christman for a seminary to educate young Negroes for the priesthood. St. Augustine's, which started out as a seminary for Negroes, has in recent years integrated white and Negro students. And the results have been all to the good. The larger student body is making more efficient use of seminary facilities and at the same time enjoys daily opportunities to experience in a vital way the meaning of shared membership in the Mystical Body of Christ. In study and at work, in prayer and at the daily sacrifice of the Mass, white and Negro students together raise their minds and hearts to God toward that day when they will share fully in the priesthood of Christ. Slogans such as "separate but equal," it is believed at St. Augustine's are doomed to have a hollow ring in a Church which teaches that there is but one Truth, one Faith, one Lord, and one people, a godly people united in Christ.



SOLITUDE is easily found at St. Augustine's in a quiet stroll with one's Breviary under the trees before Sacred Heart Hall, center for major seminary

TYPICAL major seminarian is Frater Raymond Guidry, whose brother Joseph is also a seminarian at St. Augustine's



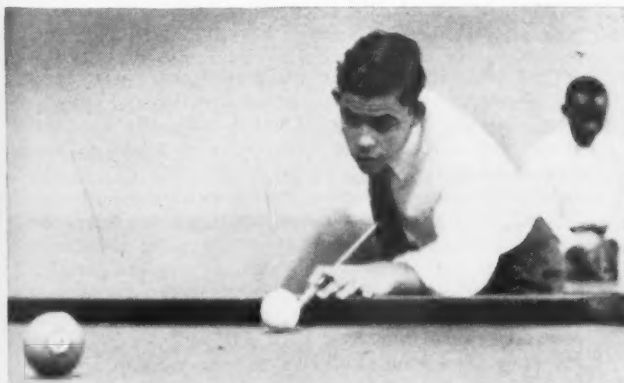
IN WORK CLOTHES, Frater Jerome Ladoux pauses for a break in manual labor period. Physical labor is essential to mission training



HAIRCUTS, as in most seminaries, are done by students and, please, no gripes about styles



MINOR seminarian hits the books during free-time period to catch up on Latin homework



POOL TABLE is most popular piece of equipment in minor seminary recreation room. Alright, boys, number three ball in the center pocket

UMBRELLAS are musts during rainy season in Bay St. Louis. One minute the sun is shining; the next it's pouring

September, 1955





United Press Photo

# THE CHAMP and the Challenger

One is all Fighter and one is all Character. One is a name children use to scare parents, and one is a name anyone uses for laughs. But when they get in the ring, who will laugh—last, that is?

by RED SMITH

*Archie Moore has clamored a long time for a match with Marciano. Now he has it*

GERRY HERNE, the eminent Boston sports writer, was making noises like a father for the benefit of his small daughter. Though ordinarily a biddable young lady, Miss Herne was not in a mood to accept reproof passively.

"If you don't quit tossing me around," she said darkly, "I'll tell Mary Ann Marciano my father can lick her father."

Thus Rocky Marciano qualifies as a name children use to frighten parents. Archie Moore is a name practically anybody can use for laughs. When these two extravagantly dissimilar entertainers play a one-night engagement in a prize ring this month, New York may see a war of extermination or the wildest vaudeville turn since Smith and Dale. In either event, it will be the boxing match of the year, a production fairly entitled to billing as **THE BIG FIGHT**.

In the view of boxing students, it is a big fight because it meets the matchmaker's specifications for the ideal drawing card—boxer versus slugger. To the bettors it's a big one because reasonable doubt exists regarding the outcome



(though not in this corner). For the first time since he attained to the big league, Marciano has an opponent to whom thoughtful authorities can accord a measurable chance of success.

To one who is neither a boxing expert nor a bettor but merely a spectator at sports' passing show, the match is a museum piece, an absorbing exhibit of human contrasts. Before we deal with personalities, though, let's dispose of the soothsayer's routine chore:

It is the notion here that Moore, light-heavyweight champion of the world, has no more chance with the heavyweight champion than Bobo Olson, the middleweight ruler, had with Moore. Chances are Archie will employ his antique skills to expose Marciano's awkwardness for, say, six or eight rounds, then cave under the intolerable weight of Rocky's blows.

SO much for that. Now, as to the people involved, there is probably nothing in the world which Moore and Marciano share in common except a sweet tooth for the heavyweight title and the rewards thereof.

Rocky is a hometown boy out of Brockton, Mass., although his profession permits him precious little time in the bosom of his family. He is all Fighter, a professional athlete with a monkish dedication to physical perfection, who leads a life of unrelieved asceticism in the service of his muscles. Professionally he has never experienced less than complete success, has never entered the ring with an adversary who could defeat him or even hold him to a draw, never suffered even a temporary setback in his purposeful march to the top.

Moore is all Character—the wandering minstrel of the ring, a frolicking bit player accomplished in a hundred roles, as globe-trotter, mystic, roustabout, music-lover, pitchman, public relations counselor, soldier of fortune, faddist, song writer, gypsy, diplomat, philosopher, dietary specialist, amateur psychologist, elder statesman, fictionist, hypnotist.

He is never out of character and the character is seldom the same. He is self-assured, insouciant, quick-witted, glib as a carnival spieler. He makes himself up like the tragedian of a road show, with mustache and triangular tuft of chin whiskers, a stock company version of Cagliostro or Mephistopheles or maybe the Count of Monte Cristo.

He has a manager (Charley Johnston) and three trainers (Bertie Briscoe, Cheerful Norman, and Tiny Paine) but he trains himself, coaches himself, publicizes himself, admires himself.

His home is either Miami or San Diego or St. Louis or Toledo or New York or Cleveland or Buenos Aires, where he permits Juan Peron to be seen frequently in his company. Charley Johnston never wearies of describing the social eminence his tiger enjoys in the Argentine capital.

"He goes around strictly with the best people—Peron and that mob," Charley says, automatically disqualifying himself as a social arbiter.

When Archie clambers into a ring, it is more a visitation than an entrance. He is likely to be cloaked in shimmering gold satin which leaves ringsiders bedazzled for the first five rounds. Once Nat Fleischer, editor of *Ring Magazine*, blinked away his sun-blindness in time to ask for the splendid robe which Archie had worn the evening before, for inclusion in Nat's museum of boxing memorabilia.

"Sorry," Archie said, "it's promised to Peron."

Moore could always fight, and in his case always means forever or thereabouts, for he has been at it close to twenty years. If he is older than thirty-eight, he means to protest his innocence until proven guilty. He was a top-ranking professional for years before he got a match in New York; and it wasn't until he had won the light-heavyweight cham-

pionship, after sixteen years of trying, that he made a main event in Madison Square Garden.

In contrast with Marciano's uninterrupted advance from the four-round preliminaries to the championship class, Moore dawdled away a couple of ordinary pugilistic lifetimes before reaching the top. Compared with Rocky's spotless record, his is a sight, with nineteen defeats, four by knockouts.

Where Marciano trains everlastingly to keep himself fit all through the year, Archie lets his weight fluctuate wildly. Between bouts, he'll indulge himself until he's well over 200 pounds, then, with a bout impending he makes a dramatic triumph and major mystery of getting down to the light-heavyweight limit of 175.

Noting that Moore had weighed 196½ for a fight with the huge Cuban, Nino Valdes, Sid Flaherty, manager of Bobo Olson, reasoned that Archie would have to cut off a leg to make 175 pounds last June. Accordingly, he signed the middleweight champion for a shot at Moore's title.

In training camp Moore stoutly refused to reveal his weight or discuss his reducing method. The latter, he said, was a secret confided to him many years back by an aborigine in Australia, and he would disclose it only in a book, to be written at some future date at a vast profit. A camp companion mentioned that Archie merely chewed his steak and didn't swallow it.

"Don't like to eat meat, anyhow," Moore said. "I'm a vegetarian." He isn't, but the answer suited him at the moment. All he would say was that he would weigh in at "174⅞." At noon of fight day, the beam of the scale wavered a hairline below 175.

"Fifteen-sixteenths," Archie announced smugly. "Like I said."

One unsurprised witness was Stanley Woodward, a large sports editor who has discussed weight problems with Moore and employs the same protein-and-vegetable diet. Acquainted with hardly any Australian aborigines, Mr. Woodward got his secret from an Irish doctor.

UNWEAKENED by his battle-of-flesh, Moore knocked Olson senseless, demonstrating to New Yorkers what most of the outside world had known for a generation—that he was a superior defensive boxer with a knockout punch.

This qualified him for the championship match with Marciano, for which he had been clamoring long and expensively, squandering his earnings on a direct-mail advertising campaign. In his long career of professional frustration he has always had to plead for big fights, mostly because he was too good. Even when he was handled by mob guys who could, presumably, dictate terms in the fight business—in pre-Johnston days his manager was Big Bill Duffy—opponents still declined to meet him.

He had to work in towns like Flint, Mich., take \$150 purses. To get a chance at the light-heavyweight title, Johnston guaranteed Joey Maxim, the incumbent, \$100,000 and this used up all but \$800 of the purse. The night Moore earned \$30,000 fighting Harold Johnson he was served with an attachment for \$262.50 for some automobile tires.

As a prize fighter his prizes have been small, but now he's going for the big one. When Marciano enters a ring he sometimes recalls how he was a boy listening by radio in Brockton when Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott met for the first time. Perhaps, he thinks, there is another boy somewhere in the world, preparing for bed as he was then and listening to this fight, a boy who will grow up to deprive Rocky of his title.

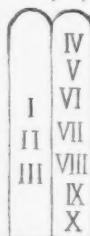
Suppose it were to turn out that the one to take Rocky's title was Archie Moore, who was an old pro when Marciano was a child. What would that be? Poetic injustice?

# THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Scales of Justice

*Please settle these controversies. An associate argues that there is no moral obligation to pay a just wage to one who has entered the U. S. illegally—in fact, no moral obligation whatever toward such a person. He also maintains that one engaged in the hiring of employees is morally obliged to make the best possible terms in favor of the employer.*—E. F., ORANGE, N. J.



Your associate seems to be a poor hand at balancing the scales of justice. In the first place, it is legally and morally wrong to hire a person who has entered the country unlawfully. To do so is to abet his illegal residence. Hence, you cannot claim that the matter of illegal entry is irrelevant.

Assuming that an employer knowingly hires such a person, he is nonetheless obliged to pay him a just wage. Not to do so is out-and-out injustice. To take advantage of the employee's alien status is equivalent to the crime of blackmail. To claim that we have no moral obligation whatever toward such a person is absurd. At that rate, we would be morally free to rob, enslave, and even kill him!

For one engaged in the hiring of employees, "the best terms possible in favor of the employer" is not the correct moral norm. The hiring agent must consider the worth to the employer of the employee under consideration, with a view to a just wage. Moral insistence upon a just wage is all the more emphatic and urgent if the employee has dependents to provide for. The minimum wage established by law is not, necessarily, a morally just wage.

## Book of Common Prayer

*What is the Protestant "Book of Common Prayer"? Have we Catholics any similar prayerbook in use universally throughout the Church?*—D. D., WEST BADEN, IND.

Even to this day, the Catholic Church makes use of the same official prayerbooks recognized in England for ten centuries. Those books are the "pontifical," containing the prayers for rites usually reserved to a bishop; the "missal" for the celebration of daily Mass; the "breviary" for the prayerful reading of the daily Divine Office; the "ritual," or prayerbook for the administration of the sacraments and the imparting of blessings. Since Latin is the official language of the non-Oriental areas of the Roman Catholic Church, the books listed above are in that language. However, for the benefit of the laity, the missal and parts of the ritual are available in all languages. So, too, the *Raccolta*, an authorized collection of indulgenced prayers. All other prayerbooks, whether used for public or private devotion, are based faithfully upon the official prayerbooks.

In 1533, Henry VIII began his headlong plunge into adultery and wife-murder. To ease the way for himself, he found it logical to mutiny against the authority and restraining influence of Rome. But it was not until the time of

his successor, the "boy king" Edward VI, that England turned anti-Catholic. Then it was that the first *Book of Common Prayer* was compiled. Its main purpose was not a change from Latin to English but the scuttling of Catholic ideas. We pray as we believe. The new book eliminated all prayers in reference to the Holy Eucharist, both as a sacrament and a sacrifice. In churches, altars were replaced by mere tables. A new pontifical was introduced to do away with Holy Orders, and the so-called Church of England has been without a priesthood ever since.

## 14-75!

*Enclosed clipping caused quite a flurry among Catholic and non-Catholic office associates. Please comment.*—M. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

As to the church wedding of the fourteen-year-old Italian princess to the seventy-five-year-old Italian, non-Catholic count, the only comment we can offer is that, on the basis of available information, the marriage is valid. As for possible infatuation, or the hope of inheritance from the millionaire husband on the part of the girl or her family, we do not know. Obviously, a dispensation was required, because the widower is a Protestant.

In connection with the disparity between their ages, distinction must be made between the advisability of the marriage and its validity. The AP dispatch was in error in stating that a dispensation was needed because of the bride's age. According to Church Law, the pastor must seriously warn minors not to contract marriage without the knowledge of their parents or against their reasonable objections; if they pay no heed to this advice, he may not officiate at their wedding without the approval of the Bishop. (Canon 1034)

Lack of age can be an impediment to a valid marriage. Canon 1067 of Church Law states: A male, before the completion of the sixteenth year, and a female, before the completion of the fourteenth year, cannot marry validly. Although marriage contracted after that age is valid, pastors of souls should take care to deter from it young people who have not reached the age at which, according to the customs of the country, marriage is usually contracted. In this case, a dispensation was not required for a valid marriage on the score of age. Permission was required that the marriage be licit.

## Birth Control

*A friend whose wife is ill has been practicing birth control. He wishes to make his Easter duty and wants to know what to do. I wonder if all Holy Name men make a good confession monthly. At our church, there are many of them who haven't any children.*—A. R., BRADDOCK, PA.

To jump to the conclusion that a married couple are childless because of birth control is absurd. Bad confessions and unworthy Communions are possible, but how many Catholics are such fools as to "go through the motions" of a hypo-

critical confession, thereby making a bad matter worse? Catholics know that an absolution given after an untruthful or insincere confession is invalid. It is seriously uncharitable to suspect anyone of receiving the sacraments sacrilegiously. As for your friend, we suspect that he already knows what to do—a sincere confession, then self-control. Difficult, but quite possible. He observed self-control before marriage and will do so again, should he survive his wife.

### Ready Reference

*Your reply on the significance of Mass vestments (April issue) was so interesting that I sent it to a study club in Oregon. But there is so much you left unsaid. How about . . . ?*—E. D'Q, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Space will not permit a reply, here and now, to the litany of questions you have sent in. But, as you request, we can refer you to a mine of information. Seek out a Catholic library and borrow: *Externals of the Catholic Church*, by Sullivan.

### Repairs

*The corpus has become detached from the crucifix of my rosary. Can I no longer gain the rosary indulgences?*—G. A., CONCORD, MASS.

When the corpus or image of the Crucified becomes detached, you no longer have a crucifix, but only a cross. If you cannot restore the same corpus to the cross, you had best procure another, or else a new crucifix. A new crucifix should be indulgenced. The indulgences attached to your beads and to your crucifix are quite separate; the loss of the one does not entail the loss of the other. Both beads and crucifix should be of durable material.

### "Mary—Idolatry"

*Why has there not been, in Roman Catholic circles, more protest against the Presbyterian tirade so insulting to the Mother of God and to us?*—J. R., BOSTON, MASS.



You refer to the charges of "Mary-idolatry" voiced against the Catholic Church last May, at Los Angeles, by the 167th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A. Accuracy calls for specifying this sect, as above, for it is only one of about ten Presbyterian fragments, several of which are to be found in this country. As a matter of fact, ample and prompt attention was given to this tirade by our diocesan papers. The Catholic press in the U. S. A. is not asleep at the switch. But those who do

not read their diocesan weeklies are not in step with the march of time, with Church History in the making.

In appraising this indictment of Catholic devotion to Mary, we should calmly consider its source. Comparatively, all Presbyterians add up to a mere handful of Protestants. They agree neither with other sects who protest against Catholicity, nor among themselves. The Presbyterians were unheard of in Christianity until the time of their founder—John Calvin—who died in 1564. In May, 1955, their mouthpiece was Dr. Mackay, head of the Princeton Theological Seminary and notorious for untruthful and intemperate attacks upon the Catholic Church. Even non-Catholics, such as the religious editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, have expressed emphatic disapproval of his latest outburst. In June, 1955, the Catholic Theological Society of America—representative of the U. S. A. and Canada—assembled at New York City in annual convention under the auspices of Cardinal Spellman, unanimously ratified and published the following statement:

"The members of The Catholic Theological Society of

America feel bound in conscience to express their regret and sorrow at the distortion of Catholic devotion to Mary contained in the statement unanimously approved at Los Angeles, last month, by the 167th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. The picture of Catholic devotion presented in this statement is one that Catholics will find simply unrecognizable.

"It is not true that, in the mind and heart of Catholics, Mary takes the place of Christ. It is not true that Catholics think of Mary as a 'semi-divine being'. It is not true that the cult of Our Lady of Fatima symbolizes any 'new and exalted status of Mary.'

"All Catholic devotion to Mary, now as in the past, is based upon the fact that she is the mother of the one Christ who is both God and Man, and that therefore she has the same right to be called Mother of God as any mother has to be called the mother of her son. We have exactly the same scriptural warrant for honoring Mary as God's Mother as we have for worshiping Christ as God. Catholic devotional practice is the legitimate expression of this fundamental biblical fact.

"It is most significant that the Catholic Church, which is accused of practicing a devotion to Mary that 'now equals and even exceeds the devotion to Christ Himself,' has, from the very beginnings of Christianity, alone asserted unequivocally and with one voice that Jesus is not only 'Lord' but God in the proper and exact sense of the word. It would be reassuring if all men who call themselves Christians could be as unanimous in proclaiming their faith in Christ as God as the Presbyterian General Assembly was unanimous in its attack on Catholic devotion to Mary.

"The members of The Catholic Theological Society of America unite in humble prayer before Almighty God, in the hope that Mary, in whose virgin body God came to men in Bethlehem, may by her intercession help to hasten the day when all men, everywhere, may be brought to God in common faith and love."

### Foregone Conclusion?

*Since the prophecies covering the Passion and death of Christ were divine predictions, their fulfillment was inevitable. Logically, how could the Jews and Romans avoid what they did? How could they be guilty?*—F. C., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

By their precise fulfillment, the prophecies exemplify the fact that, centuries before the event, the Almighty foresaw and foretold to the last detail the Passion unto death of His Incarnate Son. He prophesied both the conspiracies of evil men and the voluntary submission of One who, otherwise, could not have been victimized by them.

The outcome of a divine prediction is inevitable in this sense only—God does not foresee as certain what may not happen. But it does not follow because God is certain of what will happen that it will happen in such a way as to conflict with the freedom of men. Even a knowing parent can foresee, with a probability just short of certainty, how his child will react under certain circumstances. But the child will act nonetheless freely. Similarly, the Almighty foreknew that the worldly spirit of Jewish leaders would prompt them to sin against their well-informed consciences. Yet that sinful process was their own, not His doing. They were not "shanghaied" into playing an unwilling roll in a divine-human drama. The Almighty assures us that our freedom is the basis for human merit or demerit: "He that could have transgressed and hath not transgressed, and could have done evil things and hath not done them. . . ." (Ecclesiasticus 31:10). On that very score, Our Lord could say from the cross, in reference to the ignorant Roman soldiers and the misled rabble, what He could not say of Jewish leaders: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

# One-woman revolution in the greeting card business

THREE YEARS AGO Catherine Buehler of Elmhurst, N. Y., started looking around for a business of her own that would offer her a creative challenge. She met an old friend who was a retailer of religious greeting cards. "Why not publish greeting cards," he suggested, "that combine good contemporary art with religious expression. You'd be doing a real service. Most present-day cards are either saccharine or secular. It's time someone changed that." Catherine was impressed. She surveyed other greeting card retailers. Their response was enthusiastic. With a little capital, a background of experience in sales promotion, and numerous contacts with artists and printers, Miss Buehler started the Carillon Press. Last year, Carillon's best yet, saw over 140,000 cards sold. And this year promises to be even better.

Carillon's cards, says Miss Buehler, are finding a wide acceptance even in the secular trade. As the manager of one exclusive gift shop told her: "You're putting religious cards in an entirely new category." A daily communicant since she was eighteen, Miss Buehler believes: "As Catholics, we have the re-making of the world in our hands. If we prepare ourselves, God will supply the opportunities. Mine happened to be greeting cards."

*The Sign's*  
**People**  
*of the month*





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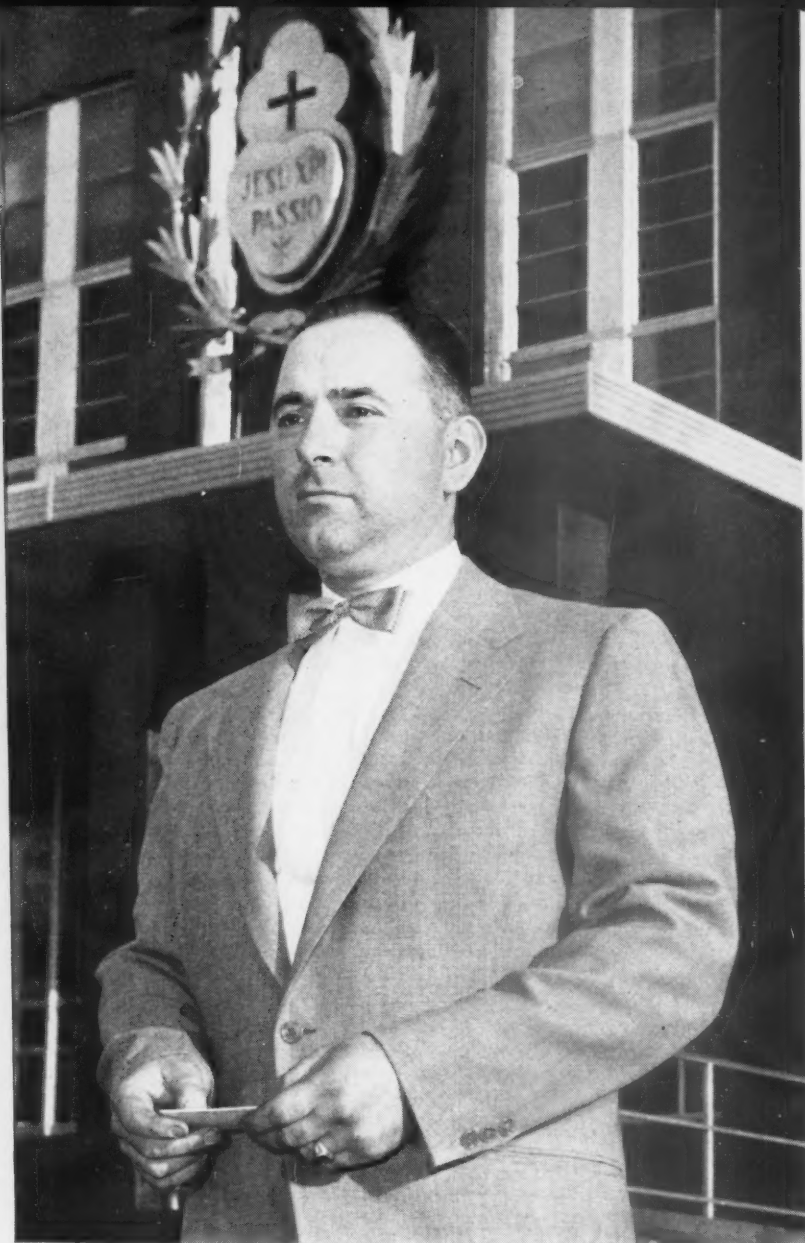
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# He taught 1,000 men the meaning of a Retreat

WATERBURY'S "Mr. Retreat" is  
railroad inspector Anthony J. Coviello



MAKING an entire city retreat-conscious is no job for a lackadaisical layman, but in the life of Anthony J. Coviello, forty-year-old mechanical inspector for the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, it's just another in a long list of apostolic accomplishments. It all started when the Passionist Fathers opened a new, 100-room retreat house at Farmington, Conn., in 1951. Attending his first retreat at the house, Mr. Coviello was shocked to learn that representation from his own city of Waterbury that year was a mere sixty-seven men. He decided to do something about it.

The "something" turned out to be a mass retreat campaign that would have made many a big sales promoter turn green with envy. "Nights and

Sundays," recalls Tony, "we went house-to-house inviting Catholic men not to miss a great spiritual opportunity. Radio talks were given, leaflets distributed at churches. A retreat movie was shown in every parish in the city. We had people talking retreats at meetings in every section of town." The campaign paid off. In 1954, the Waterbury area sent 1000 men to the Farmington house.

Even Coviello's "hobby" has an apostolic aim. He and a friend, Attorney John B. Greco, make good use of their spare time constructing crib scenes for city parks, churches, schools, and shop windows. All told, they have made about 500 creches now scattered all over New England, with several in North Carolina and one in Brazil.



## The Truth Is Dangerous

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

SOMETIMES a boast, a legitimate, well-ordered boast, is taken seriously. Under certain circumstances, this can be embarrassing, for it means that we must produce. For instance, there is the boast, sincere mannered, true, but still a boast, that Christ founded one Church and that Church is the Catholic Church. We, and we alone, possess the whole of Christ's truth. We, and we alone, have Christ's Vicar in the person of the Pope. We, and we alone—our boast continues—are the appointed guardians of Christ's worship in the Mass and sacraments and of Christ's word in the Bible. And so we go on. Then we are surprised one morning to find that those outside the Church have taken us at our word.

The Protestant or pagan listening cannot but be impressed with such boasts coming from those they know to be intelligent and otherwise modest. And it may well set them wondering. But there is a difficulty. They have seen pictures of politicians with beautiful Irish names posing in front of church one day, and a few days later pictured handcuffed to a policeman. He was caught with his hand in the till. Then they have heard it said that there are more Catholics in jail than persons of any other denomination. And the names of well-known gangsters flash through their minds. But these, our non-Catholic friends might tell themselves, are extreme examples. Crooked politics and gangsterism surely are not private vices peculiar to Catholics. No, they decide, it is not fair to judge Catholicism on the basis of those who populate our jails, those who were very likely never more than Catholic in name only.

However, our non-Catholic friends tell themselves, it would be completely fair to look into the lives of the ordinary, everyday Catholic. And certainly it is safely within the bounds of logic to examine the lives of those from whose lips boasts slip so freely.

Now it most certainly follows—here our non-Catholic friends practice a stolid indifference to their own prejudices—that if the Catholic claims are true, then the ordinary Catholic should not only be superior in virtue and perfection, but far superior.

And they are right. Those who boast of having the truth should be saints. They should be saints because the truth they possess helps them to attain the generosity of which holiness is made. The truth gives them Light and Love, and, above all, Life—the very life of God. The truth gives them fire from heaven with which they are to kindle their own hearts and then the whole world. Yes, those who listen to our boast of having the truth have every right to expect us to be saints. They cannot help being scandalized by the hugeness of our boast and the smallness of our sanctity.

PERHAPS one of the reasons we have not attained sanctity lies in the fact we have forgotten that the truth is a treasure. We have lived so close to the truth, eaten it as our daily bread, breathed it as our air, that we have come to take it for granted. Most of us grew up with the truth and we do not know what it means to be without it. We are so used to the Light that we little appreciate the terrors of the darkness. We are so used to walking in the light of day that we are dumb to the gropings of those who stumble through the night. We are so used to being fed on the Body of God, we are so used to touching Holiness itself, that we fail to realize what it means for those outside the Church who must be content with hunger and desire.

Also, we have forgotten that the truth is dangerous. The truth is dangerous because we can get so used to it that we lose the consciousness of its true stature. The truth is dangerous because familiarity may breed contentment. And

we can never afford to get completely comfortable with the truth. What shall we say of the person who, because he is at ease with the truth, has no blood to spill for it? And what about the believer in the truth who has a shrunken heart and therefore cannot love the truth with passion? And, finally what sort of a strange creature is the man who has the fire and thunder of heaven, and yet remains cold and quiet?

The truth is dangerous because it makes its bearers living advertisements to the power and holiness of truth. Having the truth imposes the obligation of bringing others to the truth. It is Chesterton who chides us with the wry remark that many a Protestant remained outside of the Church, not for Protestant reasons, but for Catholic reasons. This is Chesterton's way of saying that it is not the usual Protestant arguments against the Church that keep some from becoming Catholics. Rather it is the spiritual mediocrity of Catholics that keeps many non-Catholics out of the Church. We are poor advertisements for the truth. Some non-Catholics, people who have only the shreds of truth, the crumbs that have fallen from our table, have shown themselves more zealous, and, we say it to our shame, holier than we.

The truth is dangerous because it betrays those who attempt to hide behind a boast. Ultimately the truth will lay bare our spiritual poverty and nakedness, for it refuses to cover up a lie. The truth refuses to parade as a mere list of beliefs to which we submit our minds. We are walking, talking lies if there is truth in our minds but no truth in our actions. The truth is not merely something we believe with our minds. The truth is Light and Love and Life. It is something we live. It is the whole of our lives.

The truth is always dangerous until we become saints, or as St. John says, until we "do the truth."



# STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

## Quotes

"Personally, this reporter finds it more revolting than anything he has experienced in many, many years of playgoing. . . . (I) never want to see or hear it again"—Robert Francis, *Billboard* drama critic, referring to *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize.

"The screen is supposed to entertain, not scare you to death. After all, the kids who see these pictures are impressionable, and they may go away from the theaters feeling violence is a great thing and try to practice the same methods"—Bing Crosby, stating that the Legion of Decency is completely justified in its criticism of violence in motion pictures.

"The charge of incompetence or bias certainly could not be made, if with mature judgment that has been formed on sound moral principles, and with earnest intent, you reject whatever debases human dignity, the individual and common good, and especially our youth."—Pope Pius XII addressing representatives of the Italian moving picture industry.

## Unquotes

When a reporter for a theatrical trade paper (Mr. Francis of *Billboard*) finds the filth, the depravity, and the generally sordid atmosphere of Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* so repulsive, isn't it rather strange to find: a) the Pulitzer Prize Committee rating it worthy of a once-great honor, and b) a Catholic magazine critic deeming it worthy of praise?

Mr. Crosby is only one of many influential people in the motion picture industry who are deeply concerned over current trends in production. Violence is a principal objection, but there is also a noticeable attempt to seduce the audience with untenable ideas of libertinism, secularism, and sympathy for the amoral solution. There is much more at stake here than the desires of any indivi-



Humphrey Bogart plays the lead in arid, static "Left Hand of God"



★ *Don't look for hidden meanings in "The King's Thief," swashbuckling adventure with pseudohistoric setting*

dual producer who feels his position, or his bankroll, entitles him to unrestricted opportunity for any type of indoctrination.

Self-regulation is the only safe and sound course for the entire entertainment industry to follow. Stage, screen, TV, radio, all have a tremendous moral responsibility, which must be exercised as the only logical alternative to a government censorship. The latter is indeed distasteful, but at the present time Hollywood is half-way down the blind alley which leads to it.

#### Reviews in Brief

William E. Barrett's splendid novel, **THE LEFT HAND OF GOD**, has been translated into screen terms with competence, if not inspiration. The story of an American pilot who assumes priestly functions at an outpost mission while escaping from a Chinese warlord has sufficient surface values to hold the interest of the average audience. It does not prove successful in capturing the basic message, the strong philosophy, or the memorable passage of the original. Barrett's story of a great spiritual crisis, the power and the beauty of the pilot's awakening, the humility he attains, all these qualities are lost in the dramatization.

Much of the fault lies in the selection of Humphrey Bogart for the role of the pilot. His failure to interpret the character is less a measure of his ability than a reflection of almost incredible casting. Gene Tierney is a much happier choice for the part of the nurse who falls in love with the bogus priest, and Agnes Moorhead, E. G. Marshall, Carl Benton Reid fill lesser roles satisfactorily. Those who read the book will find this a rather arid and static interpretation; those adults who have not read it may find it an interesting, though undefined, analysis of a highly dramatic incident. (20th Century-Fox)

**THE KING'S THIEF** is in the swashbuckling school of adventure, acceptable and enjoyable provided you don't search for hidden meanings or substance. Entertainment with a

flourish is the keynote as highwayman Michael Dermott saves the throne for Charles II despite the wily machinations of the villainous Duke of Brampton. It's a familiar charade, but Ann Blyth, David Niven, and Edmund Purdom carry it off satisfactorily. A relaxing late-summer entry for those who relish their adventure movies with pseudohistoric motivations. (M-G-M)

**TO HELL AND BACK** is the story of America's most decorated hero in World War II. He is Audie Murphy, who stars in this vigorous adaptation of his own exploits. The story of his heroism and bravery on the European battleground is well known, and in this version it combines an affecting personal saga with an effective and exciting recap of a recent bloodbath. Murphy, who has developed considerably as an actor in recent months, plays a familiar role with sincerity and simplicity, aided efficiently by Marshall Thompson, Charles Drake, and Gregg Palmer. The Murphy saga already belongs to the history books, but this stirring filmization gives audiences of every age the chance to relive a vivid and courageous career with the man who carved it amid shellfire. (Universal-International)

Egypt, fifty centuries ago, provides a spectacular and intriguing backdrop for **LAND OF THE PHAROAHS**, filmed in the land of the Nile by the CinemaScope cameras. A cast of ten thousand overwhelms the screen in sequences showing the construction of the great pyramid in which the mighty Pharaoh will find immortality and a safe spot for his accumulated treasure. The scenes of spectacle have been strikingly staged and emerge on the screen with startling realism and authenticity. The production stumbles when concentrating on bacchanalian revels and on the personal drama of the Pharaoh and his cohorts. Several objectionable dance scenes preclude an unreserved recommendation. Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins, Dewey Martin, Alex Minotis, and James Robertson Justice are adequate, but dwarfed by the majestic moments in this often awesome production. (Warner Bros.)

George Du Maurier's classic study of hypnotic power, **SVEN-GALI**, has been given a detailed and compelling British production with Hildegard Neff and Donald Wolfelt in the strange leading characterizations. Though Miss Neff is slightly more sophisticated in style and appearance than the conventional Trilby interpreter, she does manage to create the impression of terror, weakness, and confusion. Wolfelt, on the other hand, tends to overplay the strange impresario who wielded a vicious influence over the young singer. The contrasting style of performance makes for an uneven production, although it is one that the mature audience can appreciate for its clearcut dramatic impact. (M-G-M)

Campus fun that never quite strikes a sprightly note, **HOW TO BE VERY, VERY POPULAR** is morally off key and technically discordant in reaching for the high notes of farce comedy. Betty Grable and Sheree North are seen as chorines who use a campus as hideout when a murder investigation gets a bit threatening. Charles Coburn, Robert Cummings, and Tommy Noonan try to make the leading male characters believable, without any evident success. Dance-wise this is heavily suggestive, without any compensating ingenuity or novelty. (20th Century-Fox)

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have a genuinely funny romp in **YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG**, in which Lewis mas-

queras as an eleven-year-old for a series of wild escapades that could occur only in a Martin and Lewis production. Some years ago this was called *The Major and the Minor*, with Ginger Rogers as the juvenile impersonator. Change of sex and the addition of the M and L routines adds a zany note to the story but doesn't improve it. This is one for the adult admirers of the team. (Paramount)

Alfred Hitchcock's genius for conveying camera suspense is well demonstrated in **TO CATCH A THIEF**, an absorbing melodrama which benefits considerably from eye-swirling Riviera backgrounds and the blithe performances of Grace Kelly and Cary Grant. He is a reformed jewel thief, suspected by the police when a crime wave hits Cannes. She is a wealthy American girl, straight from the pages of slick magazine fiction, who falls in love with him. The Hitchcock flair for building tension is much in evidence throughout. One only wishes he had more substantial material to mold. The backgrounds and the performances are the highlights in this adult-styled mystery. (Paramount)

**MY SISTER EILEEN** is, in many respects, a durable laugh vehicle, even though the situations and gags are long familiar to the reading, theater, and movie public. There is a freshness and high spirit to the latest version, a musical frolic regrettably marred by leering dialogue and suggestive situations. Janet Leigh and Betty Garrett are the ambitious sisters from Ohio who start the climb to fame from a fantastic Greenwich Village basement. Its assets are primarily in the dancing moments, with considerable credit due choreographer Robert Fosse who also appears in a leading role. All the players are competent, though none is outstanding in this partly objectionable caper. (Columbia)

The influence of the Davy Crockett craze is plainly evident in **THE KENTUCKIAN**, a pioneer adventure starring Burt Lancaster. For the most part it is a routine and unimpressive story about a father and son who are sidetracked in their journey to the Texas territory by an indentured girl. They use their passage money to pay off her debts, and in time she repays them with a resourceful solution to their problems. Most of the way this is plodding and uneventful. When the pendulum swings to action, the mood becomes overly violent as Lancaster becomes the target in a vicious bull-whip fight with the villain. Not very interesting, and definitely not for the coonskin-cap set. (United Artists)

Alec Guinness takes on a difficult assignment in **THE PRISONER**, but his exceptional dramatic ability carries him over the hurdles of a role which might easily have been mishandled. Guinness is cast as the Cardinal, an ecclesiastic of an Eastern European country who is being tried on false charges of treason. Though the plot builds slowly, it has tremendous impact in outlining the torturous methods and indignities used by the Inquisitor in forcing a false confession from the Cardinal. The climactic scene has considerable emotional impact, even though its basic premises are open to debate. Guinness offers a superb portrayal of the Cardinal who might well be Mindszenty of Hungary; Jack Hawkins is equally brilliant as the Interrogator; and Wilfred Lawson is expertly grim as the Cell Warden. Not in the unusual Guinness category, this tense drama gives the star a chance to underscore his proven versatility. It also provides the adult audience with an exceptionally fine, topical drama. (Columbia)

**WICHITA** is in the pattern of hard-riding, fast-shooting pioneer yarns, with Joel McCrea as the fabulous Wyatt Earp, famous marshal of the frontier. The story adheres to familiar policy in outlining the conflict between the law enforcement officer and an outlaw cattle gang. CinemaScope photography, McCrea's excellent work, and the atomic action in several sequences make the arid stretches less noticeable. A first-rate Western. (Allied Artists)

#### Aquashow

For the second season, Guy Lombardo is presenting, though not appearing in, the cool and delightful **ARABIAN NIGHTS**, a summer melange of spectacle, music, comedy, and water ballet. The current version is an improvement over the 1954 spectacle with the combination stage-lagoon providing a pliable setting for the assortment of variety acts, diving routines, and ballet sequences. Lauritz Melchior is physically and vocally suited to the immense production, and Helen A. Scott is an attractive Scheherazade. There is a story someplace in the shimmering spectacle, but it isn't long before cast and audience conveniently forget it and get down to the business of a colorful, amusing outdoor jamboree.

★ *Grace Kelly, Cary Grant, and suspense are the stars in Alfred Hitchcock's mystery, "To Catch a Thief"*



★ *Alec Guinness maintains his reputation for versatility in superb portrayal of a Cardinal in "The Prisoner"*



# Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER

THE latest United Nations count of TV stations all over the world shows they've nearly doubled since last year, nearly tripled since 1953.

Total number of stations now in operation is 584, serving nearly 45,000,000 TV receivers in 39 countries, with 20 more planning introduction of the medium within the next six months.

In the breakdown of these UN world-survey figures, it's worth noting that nearly 450 of the stations on the air are in the United States, which has close to 38,000,000 of the nearly 45,000,000 total TV sets.

Britain and France are second and third, respectively, in the number of sets in operation, far behind this country.

Estimates put the world-total of televiewers at 130,000,000 with about 90,000,000 (or better) of these in the U. S.

## Berle Re-Berling

Milton Berle feels he's at the TV crossroads again and promises many changes in his Tuesday night series during the 1955-56 season.

Win or lose, this should make it interesting to watch.

Otherwise, the showman is either unable or reluctant to go into detail even at this late date but he has said he'll do 13 "live" shows, one every third week, in his regular time on NBC-TV, 8 to 9, EDT, alternating with Martha Raye, Bob Hope, and Dinah Shore. All 13 will originate in Hollywood and will be in color as well as black-and-white.

This angle, which could easily pass unnoticed, makes Berle the first major star ever to telecast an entire season in color.

"Mr. TV" promises that each hour will be entirely different and the full series will include mystery-suspense and straight dramas, as well as the musical and vaudeville formats with which he has long been identified. There will be no regulars but Berle, and the best available performing and writing talent will be signed for each show. September 27 is the starting date.

## TV and Your Child

Every parent can profit by reading a new pamphlet by Msgr. Edwin B. Broderick titled *TV And Your Child*, a calm, intelligent examination of this powerful medium as it affects children. Neither "for" nor "against" TV, it treats it as an instrument of good or evil, depending on its use and application. The principal responsibility, says Msgr. Broderick, lies with the parent, not with the child or even TV.

As one of America's foremost authorities on TV programing, Msgr. Broderick is well suited to the authorship of this little book, I might add. He was instrumental in launching the top-rated "Life Is Worth Living" series, with Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, and has been a consultant to the major TV networks for several years. He was also the first director of radio and TV for the Archdiocese of New York.

His interesting and instructive pamphlet can be obtained through your bookstore or by writing directly to The Paulist Press, 401 W. 59 St., New York City. (10¢)

## That Man Again

Liberace's projected appeal before the movie cameras is apparently equalled by his highly successful TV technique.

Warner Bros. seem to think so, at any rate, and have offered the pianist a contract for additional pictures even before his first starring effort, the top-budgeted *Sincerely Yours*, is finished.

The first film under the new contract will be a musical version of *The Man Who Came To Dinner*, with Liberace playing himself and brother George playing brother George. Shooting will begin about mid-January and other films will follow.

Meanwhile, shooting continues on *Sincerely Yours*, a title that was borrowed from Liberace's best-selling record album. This is really a remake of the old George Arliss hit, *The Man Who Played God*, with the star portray-

ing "Anthony Warrin," a concert pianist whose career parallels his own in minor ways only. Rich and famous, "Warrin" suffers a sudden and mysterious deafness and, as a result, is forced to learn lip-reading. In this way he's able to learn the innermost fears and hopes of friends and others, all of whom he helps.

In addition to Liberace, Dorothy Malone, Joanne Dru, William Demarest, and Tab Hunter also appear. The star's celebrated mother will only have a walk-on, and brother George won't be seen at all, although he's musical director for the picture.

Although *Sincerely Yours* is Liberace's first starring role, it's not his first picture. He appeared briefly (as a pianist) with Shelley Winters in *South Sea Sinner* in 1949 and, two years later, played piano again in a short-subject titled *Footlight Varieties*.

## Irish Grid Network

The good news that Notre Dame U's TV outlet, WNDU-TV, finally overcame all stumbling blocks and is now on the air reminded me that there's also quite a story in its radio counterpart, the Irish



Walt Disney with a young colt in the "Frontierland" section of "Disneyland," his big playground park in Anaheim, Calif.



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**Paula Kelly, one of the Modernaires on the Bob Crosby Daily Show at CBS-TV. Husband, Hal Dickinson, is member and director of group**

operation, it will take over to supplement the IFN and this will add up to another story some day in the future.

#### **Orson Is Official**

All gossip and speculation is at an end now that CBS-TV has signed Orson Welles for a series of 90-minute "spectaculars" during the 1955-56 season.

One of these will be a TV adaptation of George Du Maurier's *Trilby*, with Orson playing the hypnotist. Unfortunately, most of the shows will be on film and filmed in London, at that. However, CBS promises that "a few" will be done "live" in this country. Apparently, Orson insisted on film and network executives agreed, being anxious to get him on practically any terms.

I can't say I blame them because Orson is quite a TV plum. Like him or not, the one-time boy-genius knows show business. He has few equals and no superiors that I can think of at the moment. Certainly, few, if any, combine his know-how with his tremendous ability to interpret what he knows in terms of real theater, whether it be on radio, TV, or anything else.

Those who've claimed for years that Welles is "washed up" make me laugh. I notice they were uncommonly quiet after his outstanding performance as "King Lear" on CBS-TV. Shakespearean authorities all over the country claimed it was the greatest interpretation of the role they'd ever seen.

#### **Money, Money, Money**

*Billion Dollar Bankroll* is among the many programs slated to join TV's new "give-away" trend, represented by the highly successful \$64,000 *Question*, in the near future.

"Pay-offs" on this one will range from hundreds to millions of dollars!

*Billion Dollar Bankroll* was planned by producer Walt Framer, of *Strike It Rich*, some weeks ago, although a pilot-film with Mike Wallace as emcee wasn't scheduled until August 15. The show will be a half-hour, once-weekly series, probably on CBS-TV. The idea behind it is so simple it's a wonder somebody hasn't thought of it long before this. It's merely to give away the billions in unclaimed cash, securities, real estate, etc., being held by banks all over the country.

"BDB" will work with agencies that specialize in tracing persons to whom money, etc., is coming, giving them a far greater audience and the opportunity for faster response than is

possible with standard methods. Occasionally, the series will try to locate these persons right on the air. At other times it will locate them first, get them on-camera by some ruse and then surprise them before a nation-wide audience a-la-Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life*.

#### **World-Wide TV**

TV toppers have secretly assured representatives of the Olympic Games Committee they'll do everything possible to telecast the 1956 Games "live"—all the way from Australia!

If and when the historic event takes place, it will be the first world-wide telecast in commercial TV history and it will go to sixty or more countries!

It won't be the first world-wide telecast, however. Experimental pictures have been sent around the world many times in the past, the first time being about twenty years ago when, oddly enough, pictures were transmitted from New York to Australia and back again and then to Los Angeles, Paris, and London.

The telecast of the Games in Australia can be accomplished by "stratovision," which has been technically possible on a commercial basis for several years, although it hasn't been considered practical. Just which "stratovision" method will be used hasn't been decided, however, and there are several.

A hint that such a world-wide telecast was in the making came from NBC president Pat Weaver, who spoke recently in connection with his network's *Wide, Wide World* telecast. Weaver said "WWW," which connected three countries, the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, was a forerunner of world-wide TV "which is now just around the corner."

#### **In Brief**

Kate Smith's comeback will soon slip into high gear. . . . The Belgians plan to build the world's tallest TV tower in Brussels. It'll be about 2500 feet and a link in the vast relay system being readied for Europe. . . . A top-budgeted "Life Of Christ" is due on TV on a 30-minute, once-a-month basis. There'll be no commercials. . . . Mutual is still trying to form a fourth TV network. . . . The famous Zane Grey stories will be adapted to TV next. . . . Russia estimates it will have 500,000 TV sets in operation by the year's end! . . . Danny Kaye feels the time is ripe for his TV plunge. (Ripe? It's way overripe.). . . . *Skip Taylor, U. S. A.* the adventures of a jet pilot, is coming to TV, too.



Football Network, the IFN, which is dedicated exclusively to the broadcast of Notre Dame football games and which begins another season soon.

For one thing, the IFN is the only "all request" network on the air, and here's how it got started: In the fall of 1946, the Notre Dame Alumni Club of Detroit requested that radio station WSBT, in South Bend, Ind., feed its coverage of Fighting Irish football games to a station in the Motor City. WSBT agreed. Joe Boland, a former All-America lineman under ND's famous Knute Rockne and a broadcaster of Irish games since 1942, thought he saw the germ of an idea in the Detroit request. If one city wanted to hear Notre Dame games badly enough to request their broadcast, why didn't it follow that Irish supporters in other cities would be interested in a similar arrangement?

So Boland, a man who eats, sleeps, and breathes football, got to work. He had little trouble getting stations in Indianapolis and Michigan City, Ind., to join stations in Detroit and South Bend in carrying Irish games that year. The following year, he saw six more stations in as many cities ask to be added to the "all request" network. Two more stations were added the next season and, by 1950, this unusual network numbered 19.

In 1951, the number of affiliated stations went from 19 to 49, and last year, there were 130 on the IFN string with more expected to join for the 1955 season.

Where the IFN will stop nobody knows at this point, but it probably won't stop until Boland runs out of cities in which there are Notre Dame Alumni, either real or "subway," if, indeed, it's possible to exhaust the supply.

I suppose, now that WNDU-TV is in

# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Puritanical Dresses

DURING THE PAST month, I have had a half-dozen letters on a topic that somehow never ceases to come up for notice and which always causes either compliments or violent irritation. And that is the subject of what a Catholic girl should wear.

Before people who have ideas on the subject challenge me, let me speak and say I am on both sides of the argument—a most dangerous and exposed place to be because both sides are likely to turn on me.

This time the trouble seems to be that something that started some ten years ago as a purity crusade is now burgeoning into something that is going—as a teacher of mine in the fifth grade used to say, and in capitals, when things grew too hectic—A Little Too Far.

I have never been able to see anything very wrong about suggesting the kind of dresses girls should wear at parties. However, I am not quite sure either whether this is not the business of the parents, most of whom have sense enough to have their daughters wear dresses of modest lines but whose ideas may differ from the more puritanical among us.

I have seen posters in academies showing pretty dresses that are suggested as the kind girls should wear at parties. This is a strictly Catholic idea and surely one that can do no harm, even though I have deep doubts as to whether short sleeves or moderately low neck lines are very responsible for immorality.

I knew a wonderful Monsignor some years ago who had a large parochial school and who insisted on letting the high school girls wear their skirts short when that was the fashion, on shortening gym bloomers, and stopping the wearing of those gruesome black stockings of an earlier day. He said a girl could have more harm done to her by an insistence that she dress differently from others and by yielding to the super-puritanical.

## Puritans

ONE DAY I was sitting on a step leading from the church waiting for him when a little old lady came up to me and said angrily, "Your skirt is too short." And before I had a chance to say a word, she added, "God and His holy angels are watching you," and flounced away. I heard a chuckle back of me and it was Monsignor. I learned that the old lady made this her chief business, that many besides myself had been thus approached and told about their errors.

It was the same Monsignor whom I was driving one day to his camp for boys and girls at Livingstone Manor; we passed one of the largest, fattest women I have ever seen. We saw only her back but there was a great deal of it for she was wearing the halter type of garment. I said nothing but drove past feeling it was not a time for speech. Then I heard his voice. "How unaesthetic," he said, and of course it was. It was not immoral but it was decidedly displeasing to the eye. I think he would feel the same about some of these middle-aged or elderly men we see today with knobby knees and a tendency to bowleggedness wearing Bermuda shorts. Amusingly enough, most of the boys with straight, browned, young legs wear long blue jeans!

Last year the fifteen-year-old daughter of a friend of mine came home in tears. At her academy a nun said she was wearing an immoral blouse. It was one of those high in the neck and sleeveless blouses still the fashion. Her tanned young arms looked very pretty in the blue blouse. What is immoral about a bare arm I don't know. A few weeks later at a Mass at a great home for children there sat before me dozens of girls wearing that very kind of blouse. The nuns who had charge of them were there too and apparently not at all disturbed about the bare arms.

These matters are, of course, matters of prudence, and it seems a pity to hurt a child for no reason at all.

## The Marylyke Tag

BUT TO RETURN to my irritated letter-writers. They are annoyed at a group which has come out with a tag they want retailers to put on certain dresses selected by them as fit to wear. The tags bear a picture of Our Lady, a trade name, Marylyke, and the slogan, "Whatever Our Blessed Mother approves." The rules for getting approval for certain dresses are full coverage of bodice, chest, shoulders, back, and arms; sleeves half way between shoulder and elbow and nothing that will unduly reveal the figure of wearer. Shades of some exemplary young Catholic women performers on TV! Are the Catholic girls and the rest of us to stop looking at these wearers of decidedly un-Marylyke apparel?

The group concentrates especially on party and wedding dresses. And on the matter of wedding dresses I am with them. If ever one wants to see a girl quietly arrayed it is in her wedding gown. With all my heart I agree. But as for other dresses—well I have seen some off the shoulder affairs on women at Mass that are truly a scandal. I can only feel uncomfortable and wish they would wear such garments in the privacy of their own home and I'd like myself to design a few "Marylykes for Mass" for young matrons—and older ones, too.

As so often and sadly happens with reformers, this group say they can't do anything about bathing suits because "what would look perfectly right on one girl would look really immoral on another."

The letters I have received are not one of them on the side of the priest in his little midwest town of three hundred population. It seems to me he could handle his number of young people without recourse to such a far-flung idea as this of labels all over the country. Other parishes could, if they wished, do the same with their young people, for it seems to me that this is a matter which, if it must be handled at all, should be taken care of by the individual parish. I should like, in that case, to suggest a committee, the personnel of which would be a priest, an older mother, a younger mother, a religious teacher, and a teen-age girl. I would love to listen in on a meeting, provided the teenager was allowed to speak out full and free.

The letter which expresses what my letters did and I think also what I myself feel on the subject was printed in *Time* and came from a man. It says in part, "A mother and a daughter who believe in modesty do not have to read a tag on a dress to tell if it is modest."

# BOOKS

## OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN

By Evelyn Waugh.  
Little, Brown.

339 pages.  
\$3.75

This latest Waugh novel is a companion piece, or sequel, to *Men at Arms*, in which the author first introduced his fabulous hero, Guy Crouchback, and assorted comrades during the first year of World War II.



Evelyn Waugh

Though the present book stands by itself as a literate, witty, and sensitive novel, the reader should have the background of characterization and humor and philosophy provided in the first meeting.

Crouchback is a rather typical Waugh hero. He has laughter and pride, faith and persistence, a love of God and a flaming devotion to his England. He is thirty-six, fighting the war as a member of the Royal Corps of Halberdiers, yet a strangely passive, humble hero, one who learns the tragedy and foolishness of war and doesn't become embittered by it. Waugh's hero is an unusual type for contemporary fiction and a man whom readers will sympathize with and admire.

Waugh's genius for satire, his brittle, sophisticated style, his basically sound philosophy, and his flair for unique characterization are present in abundance. Added to the usual brilliance is what appears to be a more mellow approach to the satire, a deeper understanding of human frailty, and an unexpected affection, almost verging on admiration, which he exhibits for his people. This is a new facet of Waugh, and a most welcome one.

JERRY COTTER.

## THE SIXTH OF JUNE

by Lionel Shapiro.  
Doubleday.

351 pages.  
\$3.95

Shortly after Pearl Harbor young Brad Parker, a reserve officer, was called up. Quite willingly he parted from his wife and friends and gave up his position with the Malton *Daily Star*, a Connecticut newspaper that he would inherit one day from his wealthy father-in-law.

There was a war to win. He was the right age, in a patriotic state of mind—and he wanted adventure.

Essentially the biography of Lt. Parker, *The Sixth of June* focuses on the five years of his life preceding D-Day. Within his orbit are many interesting characters; particularly well drawn is Valerie Russell, a beautiful and lonely English girl with whom he begins a flirtation to while away his days in England. Valerie, however, has tacitly accepted Captain John Wynter, an English Commando fighting in Italy.

Primary loyalties too frequently mean little in times of stress, and just as Brad decides to bury thoughts of his wife, Valerie agrees to forget John. Yet there is little emotional conflict until the entire novel builds to the crescendo of D-Day when John and Brad, both now assigned to Special Force Six, hit the coast of France. Of a suicidal nature, the mission of S. F. 6 is to demolish a coastal gun on Pointe Ange that commands miles of the invasion beach.

Marred only by questionable liaisons, this taut work of fiction is marked by some exceptionally well-written passages. As war novels go, *The Sixth of June* is both readable and believable.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

## JONATHAN EAGLE

By Alexander Laing.  
Little, Brown.

524 pages.  
\$4.95

An extremely long, picaresque novel after the manner of *Anthony Adverse*. It is set in the period from 1786 to 1801 and in its more scholarly aspects follows the growth into true nationhood of the young United States.

However, its hero, the Jonathan Eagle of the title, an orphaned waif who appears most mysteriously at the book's opening in the little Connecticut town of Stonington, has his full share of exotic adventures—as is customary in books that hew closer to the picaresque line.

He has four years of slavery among the Algerians, for example; is captured and recaptured at sea times seemingly

without number; is stranded in the Marquesas; is mixed up in the backwash of the French Revolution in the islands of St. Domingo and Guadaloupe; and even, for an extra if tiny nugget of adventure, in Wolfe Tone's abortive sortie in Bantry Bay to free Ireland.

And, of course, there was an Italian contessa to be loved in Algiers; a South Sea Island beauty in the Marquesas; as well as a home-spun sweetheart in Stonington. However, the book is too studied and serious, at times tediously so, for the exploits of Eagle to have immediacy as motion-picture material. Mr. Laing is more the historian than the historical novelist *per se*; and although he obeys all the conventions of derring-do and amorousness he does so with rather ponderous and didactic earnestness. His literary heart seems to beat less for his hero than for the world conditions of his time. The book in that way appears too carefully reworked, with the treatise intruding upon the novel.

DORAN HURLEY.

## BLOODY MARY

By Theodore Maynard.  
Bruce.

297 pages.  
\$4.59

England's last hopes of undoing the Reformation rose and died with two unfortunate women named Mary. Both had the gifts to command a following, and both came to grief through injudicious marriages.

The Queen of Scots at least managed to win herself a place in romance. The Queen of England, daughter to Henry VIII by his first wife, did not manage even that. No nationally acceptable consort appeared, her courtiers talked Catholicism while hanging on to the loot of the abbeys, and a misdirected persecution left her with a bad name.

Theodore Maynard is careful to disavow special pleading. He traces Mary very objectively through a youth spent under house arrest, with her father demanding that she call her mother incestuous and herself illegitimate. A psychological writer might speak of accumulated bitterness. Mr. Maynard does



T. Maynard



A. Laing



## MOTHERS! BAD BOOKS HURT YOUR CHILDREN

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not, because he doubts whether Mary was embittered. When Edward VI died and the Protestants enthroned "Queen Jane," Mary acted boldly, rallied the country behind her, and began to reign with tolerance.

Her past did ruin her, however, by denying her any political experience. She married Philip of Spain and allowed him to convert England into a puppet state. She let her rich advisers persuade her into persecuting extreme Protestants in the name of religion, when the real motive was political. The victims were mostly humble people. Burning them was bad enough, but demagogues made it sound far worse.

The effect of the presentation is rather formless and "ifly." That is mainly because of the subject. The saddest thing about Mary is that she somehow seems to be nobody in particular. Scoundrels exploited her, propagandists defamed her, yet the most the historian can say in reply is "Unfair!" It needs saying, but it isn't inspiring.

GEOFFREY ASHE.

## THE LAND THEY FOUGHT FOR

By Clifford Dowdey.  
Doubleday.

438 pages.  
\$6.00

Doubleday continues its fine "Mainstream of America" series with *The Land They Fought For*, a history of the Confederacy and of the Civil War from a frankly pro-South point of view. The author, Clifford Dowdey, writes well and obviously loves his subject. Most important, though enamoured of the South, he is able to see its faults—particularly the faults of the politicians who withdrew their states from the Union without any conception of the tragic conflict that had to follow.

The history of the Civil War begins in 1831, when Jackson's "tariff of abominations" threatened the economy of the agricultural South as it attempted to aid the manufacturing North. Southerners threatened nullification of the Federal Law, but the hard-bitten Jackson squelched the idea by making it clear that he would employ force to preserve the Union. At the same time, anti-slavery sentiment (which had forced the Missouri Compromise of 1820) became even stronger and gained effective voices in Congress. Thus started thirty years of cold war on three levels: the economic—agriculture versus manufacturing; the political—the meaning of the word "united" in United States; the moral—the question of slavery.

Since he writes from a Southern point



C. Dowdey

of view, Mr. Dowdey tends to discount slavery, to remain noncommittal on the Union, and to emphasize the divergent economies and the contrasting ways of life.

Great men—Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson—fought for the Confederate cause. Their story and their side of the argument, as told by Clifford Dowdey, are well worth listening to. Though the narrative moves rapidly, it has been thoroughly researched, as the eleven-page bibliography shows. An excellent index also helps the reader.

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.

## MY SON JOHNNY

By John McNulty.  
Simon & Schuster.

175 pages.  
\$3.00



John McNulty

These twenty-four brief essays log the activities of the author's son from age one to age five and a half. Since there is nothing overwhelmingly instructive about them, one must assume that the main idea is to entertain. There isn't much of that, either. Like much *New Yorker* magazine humor, this lacks juice. It is prim, old-maidish, and self-conscious, and leaves you longing for the day when another Mark Twain will come along with another Tom Sawyer hiding under another Aunt Polly's bed.

Much of the humor is all wind-up and no pitch. Essay No. 8, a case in point, is called "Us Fathers." The opening sentence reads, "Without knowing, I have joined a great outfit, Fathers." In the first place, Mr. McNulty knows it or how could he say it. In the second, the use of a period instead of a colon before the word "Fathers" is affectation. In the third, the sentence is a dud.

Essay No. 2, telling how the maid gets over certain points to the family by chattering to the baby, is the best in the book. Essays 3, 4, and 5 are cute, cuter, and cutest. After that, where do you go? If you are reviewing the book, you go on—yawning—to the bitter end.

In short, Mr. McNulty has taken a sure-fire idea—a man and his new son—and misfired it.

MILTON LOMASK.

## EDEL QUINN

By Msgr. Leon-Joseph Suenens.

270 pages.  
7/6

C. J. Fallon, Ltd.

If it were not for one explanatory passage in this book, the reader's patience would be sorely tried. To read page after page of fulsome panegyric about a human being, who, however heroic,





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must necessarily have possessed some human qualities, including weaknesses and frailties, is cloying in the extreme. The explanation rests, of course, on a supernatural base which Msgr. Suenens offers early in the book. It is that some souls, like Magdalen and Augustine, remind us of the patience and mercy of God, giving encouragement to us sinners. Then there are others whom God possesses exclusively from birth: they have only "to take the trouble to be born" and "have not to struggle after union with God painfully." But even keeping that explanation in mind, one feels much more comfortable in the company of Magdalen and Augustine.

It follows, then, that Edel Quinn, a young Irish apostle who lived and died in the first half of this century, was one of the elect souls. Drawing copiously from her letters and diaries, as well as from the witness of friends and co-workers, Msgr. Suenens minutely examines this life of unusual holiness, a life that was never physically robust but which spiritually left no room for improvement. Prevented by ill health from becoming a nun and always amenable to the will of God as she saw it, Edel Quinn discovered the Legion of Mary and in it found a new vocation. From then on, she devoted her entire life to the work of the Legion and became the Legion Envoy to Africa. Her life and work give Legionnaires all over the world great hope that eventually her cause will be introduced in Rome.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

## PALOU'S LIFE OF FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA

By Maynard J. Geiger, O.F.M.

547 pages.

Academy of American Franciscan

History.

\$8.50

The Catholic and Spanish development of Latin America and of the Southwestern United States has been both emphasized and neglected by historians. Its Spanish characteristics have been emphasized, but its Catholic qualities have been largely neglected or misunderstood. Perhaps the most famous of American writers in this field, William H. Prescott, both misread and apparently disliked the manifestations of Catholicism which he saw in the western hemisphere.

Consequently it is with relief and pleasure that we find Father Maynard Geiger issuing a new and scholarly edition of Father Palou's original life of one of the great figures of Spanish-American missionary activity, Father Junipero Serra. This biography, the original manuscript of which has been lost, first appeared in 1787, making it practically contemporary with the life of its subject. Almost inexplicably the

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## THE NEWMAN PRESS

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first complete translation into English was not made until 1913, in a version which was neither very popular nor apparently completely accurate.

Father Geiger's rendition makes available to the student of American civilization a carefully translated and scrupulously annotated account of the Spanish conquest of the new world. The very length and exactitude of the annotation perhaps destine this edition for scholarly rather than popular approval. Of the 547 listed pages only 295 are text; the remainder consists of appendix, notes, bibliography, and index.

It is hoped that these technical accoutrements will not unduly discourage the general reader. *Palou's Life of Fray Junipero Serra* is infused with a charity and humanity not often found in contemporary literature.

H. L. ROFINOT.

## ELEANOR THE QUEEN

By Norah Lofts.

Doubleday.

249 pages.

\$2.50

Of the handful of women who achieved fame in the Middle Ages, Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of two kings and mother of two, was outstanding for her unusual courage—she actually went on the Second Crusade—and her ability to understand and influence royal policy. She was willful and self-assured, therefore more like a woman of the twentieth than the twelfth century.



Norah Lofts

That Miss Lofts, the author of *Bless This House*, should sympathetically defend her heroine against her "enemies" is understandable, but that she should do so at the expense of justice for the reputation and real motives of those around Eleanor is to be deplored. Especially weighed is Miss Lofts' depiction of Abbé Bernard of Clairvaux as a court hanger-on with a consuming drive to control Louis VII. Eleanor's first husband, Bernard was, in fact, most reluctant to leave his monastery to become embroiled in the affairs of the world. His differences with Eleanor stemmed not from personal animosity, as the author implies, but from her somewhat high-handed meddling in Church affairs.

Later in the book, Miss Lofts, who has slapped asceticism several times already, deals a body blow to the cause of Thomas à Becket by explaining his disobedience to King Henry as will to power.

To win sympathy for her heroine, Miss Lofts has, I feel, softened Eleanor's personality unwontedly by depicting her as a gay, innocent, fun-loving



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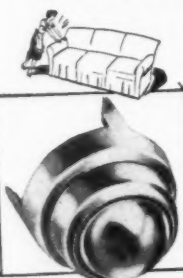
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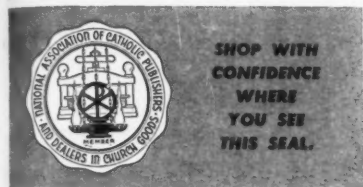
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girl, pining away in the chilly palace of Louis VII for a livelier court life. A truer and more vivid Eleanor appears in Amy Kelley's excellent biography *Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings*.

PAULA BOWES.

## MATT REGAN'S LADY

By Mary Brinker Post. 286 pages.  
Doubleday. \$3.95

If a cat can look at a queen, a logger can legitimately long for a lady, especially a muscle-rippling, curly-haired broth of a Irishman, Matt Regan. And, conversely, the lady in the case could do worse than notice him, even if she is the desirable, gray-eyed belle of Seattle society, Terry Compton. For a secret in her past shed an irremovable stain on an otherwise true blueblood escutcheon. Though reared with the advantages of Merritt Compton's wealth, Terry was aware that her real mother was Maizie La Tour, former darling of the Variety Theater, but voluntarily cut off from her child, because in the right circles any ties with an actress automatically demolished a debutante's acceptability.

So we have here all the elements of a hearts-and-flowers romance of the bustle days: the once celebrated mother, now reduced to poverty and wasting away with galloping consumption in a cheap boardinghouse; the conscience-stricken father, hopelessly reaping the sorrow of his sin; the coldly correct stepmother, ruled by propriety; the tragically beautiful daughter, scornful of the code that set her apart; the friend who plays her false; the handsome but fickle suitor, and finally the stalwart hero, who loves Terry for her own sweet self.

Mrs. Post hurls a whole bookful of horrendous clichés at the reader in this yarn of the lumber barons of the Northwest. Scenes and situations are straight out of a silent movie, and the prose matches the old-time accompanying captions—the lines that caused feminine hearts to flutter faster and the gentlemen to finger their celluloid collars nervously. But popular taste being what it is, the fluff of a plot with adolescent appeal is just the ticket to make the novel a big drawing card at the lending library.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

## THE FLAME OF HERCULES

by Richard Llewellyn. 254 pages.  
Doubleday. \$2.50

This story takes place in ancient Herclaneum, a few months before the city was buried by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. To it comes Garvan, Prince of Gaul, who has just escaped

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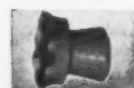
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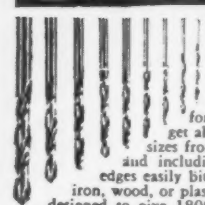
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with three others from slavery in a Roman galley. When they try to capture Genessa Pinaria, a Roman maiden of wealthy family, for ransom, there begins a series of adventures which takes Garvan from the role of fugitive to that of favored guest of Titus Caesar and Senator Sulla Pinarius.

A believer in Mithras, Garvan soon finds himself at odds with the proud Diana-worshipping Romans. Despite the efforts of Genessa to convert him, Garvan sticks close to his faith which he considers more humane than that of Diana with its demands of human sacrifice. Not only does he oppose Genessa's training as a Vestal Virgin, but he works for the release of his captured friends. In all this he tries the patience of Caesar who seeks to banish him without giving him his promised bride, Genessa. Interwoven into Garvan's troubles are those of his Christian friends and the contrast of their humility and charity to the Roman pride.

Mr. Llewellyn has made good use of archeological findings to give accurate detail to his description of the city. His accounts of Garvan in the arena against lions and his daring rescue of Genessa during the volcanic eruption are vivid and memorable. Because of these and the understanding portrayal of the Roman character especially in the devotion to his gods, this novel offers much more than the usual history-made-fiction.

PAULA BOWES.

## THE FLOWER GIRLS

By Clemence Dane.  
Norton.

629 pages.  
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In spite of having been some seven years in the redrafting, *The Flower Girls* strikes me as still warranting the author's own criticism of the book she planned as far back as 1939: the theme just isn't big enough.

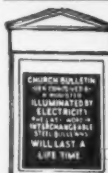


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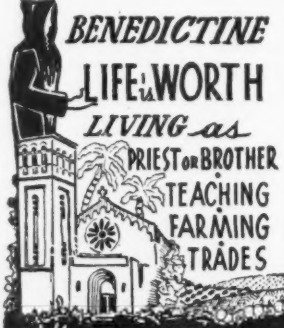
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Uncle Julius, the petty bickering of his three aunts, the original Flower sisters, or an infrequent visit from the father he had assumed to be dead, the Garden spelled theater, where the greatest had once trod and the furnishings themselves appeared awaiting a cue for on-stage.

A great deal of florid conversation goes with welcoming Jacy to the bosom of the relationship, the baring of several quite nasty situations which everyone accepts equably, and Jacy's turmoil in completing a posthumous play to star his cousin Olive in the reopening vehicle of the Flower Theater. But for all the classical interpolations and exhaustive descriptions, the narrative resolves into pretty hollow stuff with its modern flips at religion and concessions to the ego and the libido.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

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By Samuel Eliot Morison. 224 pages. Little, Brown. \$3.75

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The wonders of his "operation boot-strap," his education in human suffering, his desperate desire to love and be loved, all are told with a candor and humility that make us, along with Christy, pray a prayer of thankfulness for what we are, instead of moping over "what we might have been."

**SEEDS OF THE DESERT.** By René Voillaume. 368 pages. Fides. \$4.50. On December 1st, 1916, Arab assassins murdered Father Charles de Foucauld. His life was the grain of wheat which bore abundant fruit in the Little Brothers of Jesus founded by Father René Voillaume on the broad lines worked out by the murdered priest during his long labors in the desert.

*Seeds of the Desert* is a collection of conferences addressed by Father Voillaume to his growing community. Since the vocation of the Little Brothers is to be Christ living and working in the modern world, the book contains much of practical value for anyone anxious to live a solid Christian life in the midst of daily activity.

**HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT LIQUOR.** By Ralph A. Habas, Ph.D. 125 pages. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$2.50. The use of beverage alcohol and its attendant social casualties has been just about the busiest field for how-to-do-it literature which American publishers have struck yet. The problem of alcoholism has grown to such huge proportions and has struck so many families that no sensible adult can afford to insulate his interest from it. Dr. Habas, in this volume, confines his attention to the category of abnormal drinking, pathological drinking. He summarizes, lengthily enough for practical direction, all the known and proved treatments for it. His idea is to indicate the practical steps which an alcoholic can take if he wishes to disentangle and normalize his twisted life. In default of his being able to use the information, himself, the information is there for whatever guardian angel wants to apply it to him. Dr. Bauer, Director of the Bureau of Health Education for the American Medical Association, authenticates, in an introduction, the scientific accuracy of the author's message.

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(Continued from page 28)

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highly desirable. All were opposed, however, to any kind of coercion."

Priest-director's comment: "I have noticed at recent union conventions that more and more young faces appear among the delegates. The leaders today are younger, more aggressive, more intelligent, better-educated, less fearful of management, very business-like, and sufficiently group-minded to become fine labor leaders. They speak well for the future of the unions."

This was the mosaic that emerged from the priests' reports at the meeting with Archbishop O'Brien. It is not a pretty mosaic, indicating as it does the mixed success of Catholic efforts to instill in the workingman the social principles of the encyclicals. Some workers have not listened, some apparently do not even want to hear, still others are busy about "many things" of little consequence for their salvation and the salvation of their fellow workers. Then, too, it appears that the laborers in the vineyard of social justice have been too few, even if highly vocal for their numbers. Out of this mosaic, however, one fact appears clearly and starkly: the task of developing a Christian social conscience among workingmen is by no means done nor is the layman fully alive to his responsibilities for moral leadership in his trade, his shop, his union, his neighborhood. Only a knowledge of Catholic social thought would enable him to think and act constructively.

After the conference with his priests, Archbishop O'Brien spoke briefly, commenting on the significance of their reports. He closed by appealing to his priests to "try to deepen the interest of the workers in attendance at union meetings so that, without becoming obstructive, they may become labor apostles schooled in all the techniques of trade unionism and the truths of their faith."

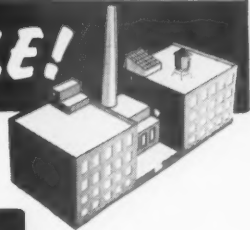
Coming from Archbishop O'Brien, this plea is of more than ordinary importance to the workingman. For it comes from a man of God who himself worked in factories during his school and college days and was once discharged for trying to organize a union. No one realizes more than he the truth of the words of Pius XI that "the first and immediate apostles to the workers ought to be workers."

As the Archbishop said in his statement last February on Social Action Sunday, a special event in the Hartford Archdiocese, "It is only the layman, and not the priest, who can bring the social teachings of the Church into his home, into his union, into his factory, into the political arena. It is only through laymen that these areas can be truly Christianized."



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